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THE
POETICAL
WORKS
OF

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, M. D.

*with a short account of his
life*

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS

M.DCC.LXXI.

†

T H E

P O E T I C A L

W O R K S



O F

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, M.D.

G L A S G O W

PRINTED BY ROBERT AND JAMES WATSON

M D C C L X L I

SHORT ACCOUNT

OF THE

L I F E

OF

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, M. D.

SIR Samuel Garth, an excellent English poet and physician, was descended of a good family in Yorkshire. After he had passed through his school education, he was removed to Peter-House in Cambridge, where he was created doctor of physic, July the 7th, 1691. His first examination before the college of physicians was on the 12th of March, 1691-2; and he was admitted fellow, June the 26th, 1693. On the 27th of September 1697, he made a Latin oration before the college, 'to the great satisfaction of the auditors, and his own honour,' as it is expressed in the register of that college. In 1696 he zealously promoted and encouraged the erecting the Dispensary, being an apartment in the college, for the relief of the sick poor, by giving them advice gratis, and dispensing medicines to them at low rates. This work of charity having exposed him and

many other physicians to the envy and resentment of several persons of the same faculty as well as apothecaries, he ridiculed them with a peculiar spirit and vivacity in a poem called *The Dispensary* * in six cantos; which, though it first stole into the world incorrect in the year 1699, yet bore in a few months three impressions, and was afterwards printed several times with a dedication to Anthony Henley Esq; and commendatory verses by Mr. Charles Boyle, afterwards earl of Orrery, Colonel Christopher Codrington, Thomas Cheek Esq; and Colonel Henry Blount. This poem raised our author a prodigious reputation; which together with his great learning and skill in his profession, his politeness, agreeable conversation, and good humour, procured him a vast practice, and gained him the friendship and esteem of most of the nobility and gentry of both sexes. He was one of the most eminent members of a famous society, called the *kit-cat-club*, which consisted of above thirty noblemen and gentlemen, distinguished by their excellent parts, and affection to the protestant succession in the house of Hanover. October the 3d, 1702, he was elected one of the censors of the college of physi-

* Major Richardson Pack, in his *Miscellanies*, p. 102, 2d edit. in 8vo, observes, that this poem 'hath lost and gained in every edition. Almost every thing that Sir Samuel left out was a robbery from the public; every thing he added hath been an embellishment to his poem.' These omissions are supplied in this edition.

ans. He was in particular favour and esteem with the duke of Marlborough, whose disgrace and voluntary exile abroad he lamented in a fine copy of verses. In 1711 he wrote a dedication for an intended edition of Lucretius to his late majesty, then elector of Brunswick, upon whose accession to the throne he had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by his majesty with the duke of Marlborough's sword. He was likewise made physician in ordinary to his majesty, and physician general to the army. As his own merit procured him a great interest with those in power, so his humanity and good nature inclined him to make use of that interest, rather for the support and encouragement of other men of letters, than for the advancement of his own fortune. He wrote some other pieces besides those above-mentioned. He died January the 18th, 1718-19, and was interred on the 22d of the same month in the church of Harrow on the Hill, in a vault there built by him for the interment of his family. Mr. Pope, in one of his letters, styles him 'the best natured of men;' and tells us, that 'his death was very heroical, and yet un-affected enough to have made a saint, or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues and worse hearts have branded even his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth.' Mr. Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, wrote a fine copy of verses to our author in his illness. He had an only daughter, who was married to

Colonel Boyle, brother to Henry Boyle Esq; speaker of the house of Commons in Ireland, and one of his majesty's lords justices, and commissioners of his majesty's revenues in Ireland.

VERSES sent to Dr. GARTH in his illness, by Mr
GRANVILLE, afterwards LORD LANSDOWN.

MACHAON sick! in every face we find
His danger is the danger of mankind;
Whose art protecting, nature could expire,
But by a deluge, or the general fire.

More lives he saves than perish in our wars;
And, faster than a plague destroys, repairs.
The bold carouser, and th' advent'rous dame,
Nor fear the fever, nor refuse the flame;
Safe in his skill, from all restraint set free,
But conscious shame, remorse, or piety.

Sire of all arts, defend thy darling son,
Restore the man, whose life's so much our own;
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world's reclin'd;
And by preserving Garth, preserve mankind.

A KEY to the VERSES of the AUTHOR.

In the first COPY of VERSES to DR. GARTH upon
the DISPENSARY.

Line 2. Charles Mountague, Lord Hallifax.

15. The Lord Somers, formerly Ld. Chancellor.

20. Dennis, a sower, supercilious, and ill-natured
critic and poetafter.—Dryden, a famous
poet

In the second COPY of VERSES; written by the late
Colonel CODRINGTON, Governor of the Leeward
Islands.

Line 13. The Duchess of Grafton.—Cecil's, the late
Countess of Salisbury.—The Lady —
Churchill, one of the Duke of Marlbo-
rough's daughters.

22. John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis of
Normanby, and Duke of Buckingham.
The works of this noble peer were pub-
lished in the year 1723, under the inspec-
tion of Mr. Pope. Since reprinted in two
volumes 8vo.—Montague, Lord Hal-
lifax.

27. Mirmil, Dr. Gibbons.—The City Bard,
Sir Richard Blackmore.

36. Dr. Hans.

37. Dr. Ratcliffe.

39. Mirmil's, Dr. Gibbons.

42. The late William Walsh Esq;

43. The Lord Somers.—The late Earl of
Dorset.

THE
DISPENSARY,

A
POEM

IN
SIX CANTOS.

—Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

Hor. de Arte Poet.

A

†

THE
DISPENSARY

A

P O E M

BY ALEXANDER

THE AUTHOR OF THE
POEM OF THE
DISPENSARY

LONDON
Printed by A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall
1754

T O

ANTHONY HENLEY Esq;

A Man of your character can no more prevent a dedication than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered, when it labours most to be concealed.

It is hard, that to think well of you, should be but justice, and to tell you so, should be an offence: thus rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues; and to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thousand.

The world generally measures our esteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will scarce believe that so much zeal in the heart, can be consistent with so much faintness in the expression; but when they reflect on your readiness to do good, and your industry to hide it; on your passion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a person, who even seems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I should persuade myself to be silent upon all occasions; those more polite arts, which, till of late, have languished and decayed, would appear under their present advantages, and own you for one of their generous restorers; insomuch, that sculpture now becaeths, painting speaks, music ravishes; and as you help to refine our taste, you distinguish your own.

Your approbation of this poem, is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself : but you are resolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To say more, would be uneasy to you ; and to say less, would be unjust in

Your humble servant,

P R E F A C E.

SINCE this following poem in a manner stole into the world, I could not be surpris'd to find it uncorrect: though I can no more say I was a stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approv'd of the publisher's precipitation in doing it: for a hurry in the execution, generally produces a leisure in reflexion; so when we run the fastest, we stumble the ofttest. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but say the same of the defects of the author, he would need no justification against the cavils of some furious critics, who, I am sure, would have been better pleas'd if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the fury Disease is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of present writers: but though I had the authority of some Greek and Latin poets, upon parallel instances, to justify the design; yet that I might not introduce any thing that seem'd inconsistent, or hard, I started this objection myself, to a gentleman, very remarkable in this sort of criticism, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Disease is represented a fury as well as envy: she is imagin'd to be forc'd by an incantation from her recess; and to be reveng'd on the exorcist, mortifies him

with an introduction of several persons eminent in an accomplishment he has made some advances in.

Nor is the compliment less to any great genius mentioned there; since a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confess how happily they have all succeeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monsieur Boileau. I must own I am proud of the imputation; unless their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of *Mollese*, Canto II. and in one in his first Canto; the sense of which line is entirely his, and I could wish it were not the only good one in mine.

I have spoke to the most material objections I have heard of, and shall tell these gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I will undertake to shew them two. One of these curious persons does me the honour to say, he approves of the conclusion of it; but I suppose it is upon no other reason, but because it is the conclusion. However, I should not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amusement I have very little practised hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easy to be lost; its pursuit is painful, and its possession unfruitful; nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the animosities among the members of the college of physicians increasing daily (notwith-

standing the frequent exhortations of our worthy president to the contrary) I was persuaded to attempt something of this nature, and to endeavour to rally some of our disaffected members into a sense of their duty, who have hitherto most obstinately opposed all manner of union; and have continued so unreasonable refractory, that it was thought fit by the college, to reinforce the observance of the statutes by a bond, which some of them would not comply with, tho' none of them had refused the ceremony of the customary oath; like some that will trust their wives with any body, but their money with none. I was sorry to find there could be any constitution that was not to be cured without poison, and that there should be a prospect of effecting it by a less grateful method than reason and persuasion.

The original of this difference has been of some standing, though it did not break out to fury and excess, till the time of erecting the dispensary, being an apartment in the college set up for the relief of the sick poor, and managed ever since with an integrity and disinterest, suitable to so charitable a design.

If any person would be more fully informed about the particulars of so pious a work, I refer him to a treatise, set forth by the authority of the president and censors, in the year 1697. It is called, 'A short account of the proceedings of the college of physicians, London, in relation to the sick poor.' The reader may there not only be informed of the rise and progress of this so public an undertaking, but also of the concurrence and encouragement it met with from the most, as

well as the most ancient members of the society, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of a few men, who thought it their interest to defeat so laudable a design.

The intention of this preface is not to persuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being censured of taking any indecent liberty with a faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the satire may appear directed at any particular person, it is at such only as are presumed to be engaged in dishonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, against the dignity of their own profession. But if there be no such, then these characters are but imaginary, and by consequence ought to give no body offence.

The description of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the dispensary, betwixt a member of the college with his retinue, and some of the servants that attended there to dispense the medicines; and is so far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope no body will think the author too undecently reflecting through the whole, who being too liable to faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the miscarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular person: it is a reflection which I should be sorry should give offence; being no more than what may be said of any physician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is so trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the least impression, either upon the reader, or the person it is applied to; being

one that I think in my conscience a very able physician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one, it is my reader: but some worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I confess, those ingenious gentlemen have done me a great honour; but while they design an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themselves; and by saying how much this small performance exceeds some others, they convince the world how far it falls short of theirs.

The copy of an instrument subscribed by the president, censor, most of the elects, senior fellows, candidates, &c of the college of physicians, in relation to the sick poor.

WHereas the several orders of the college of physicians, London, for prescribing medicines gratis to the poor sick of the cities of London and Westminster, and parts adjacent, as also proposals made by the said college to the Lord Mayor, court of Aldermen and common council of London in pursuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furnish the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reasonable rates; we therefore whose names are here underwritten, fellows and members of the said college, being willing effectually to promote so great a charity, by the counsel and good liking of the president and college declared in their comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourselves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, fellow and elect of the said college, the sum of ten pounds a piece of lawful money of England, by such proportions, and at such times, as to the major part of the subscribers here shall seem most convenient: which money, when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinsic value, in such manner, and at such times, and by such orders and directions, as by the major part of the subscribers hereto shall in writing be hereafter appointed and direc-

ed for that purpose. In witness whereof we have here-
unto set our hands and seals this twenty-second day of
December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, Preses. Will. Dawes, Censor.

Tho. Burwell, Elect. and Jo. Hutton.

Censor. Rob. Brady.

Sam. Collins, Elect. Hans Sloane.

Edw. Browne, Elect. Rich. Morton.

Rich. Torlefs, Elect. and John Hawys.

Censor. Ch. Harel.

Edw. Hulse, Elect. Rich. Robison.

Tho. Gill, Censor. John Bateman.

Walter Mills. Martin Lister.

Dan. Coxe. Jo. Colbatch.

Henry Sampson. Bernard Connor.

Thomas Gibson. W. Cockburn.

Charles Goodall. J. le Feure.

Edm. King. P. Sylvestre.

Sam. Garth. Ch. Morton.

Barnh. Soame. Walter Charlton.

Denton Nicholas. Phineas Fowke.

Joseph Gaylard. Tho. Alvery.

John Woollaston. Rob. Gray.

Steph. Hunt. John Wright.

Oliver Horseman. James Drake.

Rich. Morton, Jun. Sam. Morris.

David Hamilton. John Woodward.

Hen. Morelli. — Norris.

Walter Harris. George Colebrook.

William Briggs.

Gideon Harvey.

Th. Colladon.

The design of printing the subscribers names, is to shew, that the late undertaking has the sanction of a college act; and that it is not a project carried on by five or six members, as those that oppose it would unjustly insinuate.

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An imitation of a French author

TO DR. GARTH, UPON THE DISPENSARY.

OH that some genius, whose poetic vein
 Like M——gue's cou'd a just piece sustain,
 Wou'd search the Grecian and the Latin store,
 And thence present thee with the purest ore:
 In lasting numbers praise thy whole design,
 And manly beauty of each nervous line:
 Show how your pointed satire's sterling wit,
 Does only knaves or formal blockheads hit;
 Who're gravely dull, insipidly serene,
 And carry all their wisdom in their mien,
 Whom thus expos'd, thus strip'd of their disguise,
 None will again admire, most will despise.
 Show in what noble verse Nassau you sing,
 How such a poet's worthy such a king.
 When S——r's charming eloquence you praise,
 How loftily your tuneful voice you raise!
 But my poor feeble muse is as unfit
 To praise, as imitate what you have writ.
 Artists alone shou'd venture to commend
 What D——s can't condemn, nor D——n mend:
 What must, writ with that fire and with that ease,
 The beaux, the ladies, and the critics please.

C. BOYLE.

B

†

TO MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR, DESIRING
MY OPINION OF HIS POEM.

ASK me not, friend, what I approve or blame;
 Perhaps I know not why I like, or damn;
 I can be pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
 I read thee over with a lover's eye;
 Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
 Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
 Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaste,
 Who ne'er had fire, or else whose fire is past,
 Must judge by rules what they want force to taste.
 I wou'd a poet, like a mistress, try,
 Not by her hair, her hand, her nose, her eye;
 But by some nameless pow'r, to give me joy.
 The nymph has G—n's, C—l's, C—'s charms,
 If with resistless fires my soul she warms,
 With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.
 Such is thy genius, and such art is thine,
 Some secret magic works in ev'ry line;
 We judge not but we feel the pow'r divine.
 Where all is just, is beauteous, and is fair,
 Distinctions vanish of peculiar air.
 Lost in our pleasure, we enjoy in you
 Lucretius, Horace, S——d, M——gue.
 And yet 'tis thought, some critics in this town,
 By rules to all, but to themselves, unknown,
 Will damn thy verse, and justify their own.
 Why, let them damn: were it not wondrous hard
 Facetious M—— and the city B——

o near ally'd in learning, wit, and skill,
 thou'd not have leave to judge, as well as kill?
 Nay, let them write; let them their forces join,
 And hope the motly piece may rival thine.
 Safely despise their malice, and their toil,
 Which vulgar ears alone will reach, and will defile.
 Be it thy gen'rous pride to please the best,
 Whose judgment, and whose friendship is a test.
 With learned H—— thy healing cares be join'd,
 Search thoughtful R——e to his inmost mind:
 Unite, restore your arts, and save mankind.
 Whilst all the busy M——ls of the town
 Envy our health, and pine away their own.
 Whene'er thou would'st a tempting muse engage,
 Judicious W——h can best direct her rage.
 To S——s, and to D——t too submit,
 And let their stamp immortalize thy wit.
 Consenting Phoebus bows, if they approve,
 And ranks thee with the foremost bards above:
 Whilst these of right the deathless laurel send,
 Be it my humble business to commend
 The faithful, honest man, and the well-natur'd friend.

CHR. CODRINGTON.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH, THE AUTHOR
OF THE DISPENSARY.

TO praise your healing art would be in vain;
The health you give, prevents the poet's pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your renown,
And I but fill the chorus of the town.
That let me wave, and only now admire
The dazzling rays of your poetic fire:
Which its diffusive virtue does dispense,
In flowing verse, and elevated sense.

The town, which long has swallow'd foolish verse,
Which poetasters every where rehearse;
Will mend their judgment now, refine their taste,
And gather up th' applause they threw in waste.
The play-house shan't encourage false sublime,
Abortive thoughts, with decoration-rhyme.

The satire of vile scriblers shall appear
On none, except upon themselves, severe:
While yours contemns the gall of vulgar spite;
And when you seem to smile the most, you bite,

THO. CHEEK.

HOR TO MY FRIEND, UPON THE DISPENSARY.

AS when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving sun,
pleas'd and reviv'd, they see the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night.

Thus we, who lately, as of summer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit;
Once fear'd, Apollo wou'd return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful shore.
But you, the fav'rite of the tuneful nine,
Have made the god in his full lustre shine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day;
And reach'd perfection in your first essay:
So the young eagle that his force would try,
Faces the sun, and tow'rs it to the sky.

Others proceed to art by slow degrees,
Awkward at first, at length they faintly please,
And still whate'er their first efforts produce,
'Tis an abortive, or an infant muse.
Whilst yours, like Pallas, from the head of Jove,
Steps out full grown, with noblest pace to move.
What antient poets to their subjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it little, but have made it great,
They could describe, but you alone create.

Now let your muse rise with expanded wings,
To sing the fate of empires and of kings;

Great William's victories she'll next rehearse,
 And raise a trophy of immortal verse:
 Thus to your art proportion the design,
 And mighty things with mighty numbers join,
 A second Namur, or a future Boyne.

H. BLOUNT

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

Speak, goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell
How antient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a journey to the Elysian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old time return'd again.

Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry * justice shews her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a † dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design;

* Old Baily,

† College of physicians.

In all her mazes, nature's face they view'd,
 And as she disappear'd, * their search pursu'd.
 Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
 Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
 But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.

Now she unfolds the faint, and dawning strife
 Of infant atoms kindling into life;
 How ductile matter new meanders takes,
 And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
 And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
 By just degrees to harden into bone;
 While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
 And in full tides of purple streams return;
 How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
 And dart in emanations through the eyes;
 How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
 To slake a sev'rish heat with ambient show'rs;
 Whence, their mechanic pow'rs, the spirits claim;
 How great their force, how delicate their frame;
 How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
 The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain.
 Why bileous juice a golden light puts on,
 And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
 How the dim speck of entity began
 T' extend its recent form, and stretch to man;

* ————— they still pursu'd.

They find her dubious now, and then as plain,
 Here she's too sparing; there profusely vain.

To how minute an origin we owe
 Young Ammon, Caesar, and the great Nassau;
 Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
 And why chill virgins redden into flame;
 Why envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
 And why gay mirth sits smiling in the eyes;
 All ice why Lucrece, or Sempronia, fire,
 Why Southwell rages to survive desire.
 Whence Milo's vigour at th' Olympics shown,
 Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane*;
 How matter, by the vary'd shape of pores,
 Or ideots frames, or solemn senators.

Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous cause to find,
 How body acts upon impassive mind:
 How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
 Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire:
 Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
 And how the passions in the features are:
 How touch and harmony arise between
 Corporeal figure and a form unseen:
 How quick their faculties the limbs fulfill,
 And act at ev'ry summons of the will.
 With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
 Which in the womb of distant causes lie.

But now no grand enquiries are descry'd;
 Mean faction reigns, where knowledge shou'd preside,
 Ends are increas'd, and learning laid aside.

* Why Atticus polite, Brutus severe,
 Why Methwin muddy, Montague why clear.

Thus synods oft, concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings show a zeal:
The drooping sciences neglected pine,
And Paean's beams with fading lustre shine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, thro' midnight-watching, drown'd
The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.

This place so fit for undisturb'd repose,
The god of sloth for his asylum chose;
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whisp'ring trees;
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue, and dull indolence;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain,
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang ling'ring o'er his head.

As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Batt'ning in ease, and slumb'ring life away:
A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
Hastes forward, and increases as it flies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn * flint engage,
'Till urg'd by blows, it sparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move;
These furnaces erect, and those approve,

* The building of the dispensary.

ere phials in nice discipline are set,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you spy;
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted pestles, brandish'd in the air,
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare.

loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in spires ascend.

So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,
And swelling sinews ecchoing blows repeat;
From the volcano's gross eruptions rise,
And curling sheets of smoke obscure the skies.

The slumb'ring god, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again.
Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs.

How impotent a deity am I!
With godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Thro' my indulgence, mortals hourly share
A grateful negligence, and ease from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I withheld
The northern monarchs from the dusty field?
How have I kept the British fleet at ease,
From tempting the rough dangers of the seas?
Ibbernia owns the mildness of my reign,
And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.

Swains to sylvan solitudes convey,
Where stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.

What marks of wond'rous clemency I've shown,
 Some rev'rend worthies of the gown can own.
 Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
 Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face.
 How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
 When big they strut behind a double chin!
 Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
 Aspiring to be venerably dull;
 No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
 Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
 But undisturb'd, they loiter life away,
 So wither green, and blossom in decay.
 Deep sunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
 Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
 And leave to tatter'd * crape the drudgery of pray'r.

† Urim was civil, and not void of sense,
 Had humour, and a courteous confidence;
 So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks,
 The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox;
 He pass'd his easy hours, instead of pray'r,
 In madrigals, and phillising the fair;
 Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,
 And soon as the desert appear'd, withdrew;
 Always obliging, and without offence,
 And fancy'd for his gay impertinence.

* See Boil. Lut.

† Dr. Atterbury, afterwards bishop of Rochester.

at see how ill-mistaken parts succeed;
 e threw off my dominion, and would read;
 ngag'd in controversy, wrangled well;
 convocation-language cou'd excell;
 a voloumes prov'd the church without defence,
 y nothing guarded, but by providence:
 ow grace and moderation disagree;
 nd violence advances charity.
 hus writ 'till none would read, becoming soon
 wretched scribler, of a rare buffoon.

Mankind my fond propitious pow'r has try'd,
 oo oft to own, too much to be deny'd.
 nd all I ask are shades and silent bow'rs,
 o pass in soft forgetfulness my hours.

y'r. } I have my fears some distant villa chose,
 } 'er their quietus where fat judges dose,
 } nd lull their cough, and conscience to repose:
 } r if some cloister's refuge I implore,
 } Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore:
 The peals of * Nassau's arms these eyes uncloze,
 line he molests, to give the world repose.
 hat ease I offer with contempt he flies,
 his couch a trench, his canopy the skies.
 or climes nor seasons his resolves control,
 Th'aequator has no heat, no ice the pole.
 With arms resistless o'er the globe he flies,
 nd leaves to Jove the empire o' the skies.

* See Boil. Lut.

But as the slothful god to yawn begun,
He shook off the dull mist, and thus went on. ‡

'Twas in this reverend dome I sought repose,
These walls were that asylum I had chose. §
Here have I rul'd long undisturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With easy insignificance of thought.

But now some busy, enterprising brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to dissolve my easy reign.

With that, the god his darling phantom calls,
And from his falt'ring lips this message falls:

‡ Sometimes among the Caspian cliffs I creep,
Where solitary bats and swallows sleep:
Or if some cloister's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,
Still Nassau's arms a soft repose deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.

Since he has bless'd the weary world with peace
And with a nod has bid Bellona cease;
I sought the covert of some peaceful cell,
Where silent shades in harmless raptures dwell;
That rest might past tranquillity restore,
And mortal never interrupt me more.

§ Nought underneath this roof but damps are found
Nought heard but drowsy beetles buzzing round.
Spread cobwebs hide the walls, and dust the floors,
And midnight silence guards the noiseless doors.

Since mortals will dispute my power, I'll try
Who hath the greatest empire, they or I.
And Envy out, some prince's court attend,
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd fiend; *
Where dull critics authors fate foretell;
Where stale maids, or meagre cunuchs dwell.
Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign,
Among the homicides of Warwick-Lane;
And what th' event, unless she straight inclines
To blast their hopes, and baffle their designs.
More he had spoke, but sudden vapours rise,
And with their silken cords tie down his eyes.

Or in cabals, or camps, or at the bar,
Or where ill poets pennyless confer,
Or in the senate-house at Westminster.

C 1

C A N T O II.

S O O N as the evening veil'd the mountains heads,
 And winds lay hush'd in subterranean beds;
 Whilst sick'ning flow'rs drink up the silver dew,
 And beaus, for some assembly, dress'd anew;
 The city saints to pray'rs and play-house haste;
 The rich to dinner, and the poor to rest:
 Officious Phantom then prepar'd with care
 To slide on tender pinions through the air.
 Oft he attempts the summit of a rock,
 And oft the hollow of some blasted oak;
 At length approaching where bleak envy lay;
 The hissing of her snakes proclaim'd the way.

Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
 That taints the grass with sickly sweats of dew;
 No verdant beauty entertains the sight,
 But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
 In a dark grott the baleful haggard lay,
 Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.
 But how deform'd, and worn with spiteful woes,
 When Accius has applause, Dorsennus shows.
 The chearful blood her meagre cheeks forsook,
 And basilisks sat brooding in her look;
 A bald and blotted toad-stool rais'd her head;
 The plumes of boding ravens were her bed,
 From her chapp'd nostrils scalding torrents fall,
 And her sunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.

Volcano's labour thus with inward pains,
Whilst seas of melted ore lay waste the plains.

Around the fiend in hideous order sate
Soul bawling infamy, and bold debate:
Ruff discontent, thro' ignorance misled,
And clam'rous faction at her party's head:
Restless sedition still dissembling fear,
And sly hypocrisy with pious leer. ‡

Glouting with sullen spite the fury shook
Her clotted locks, and blasted with each look,
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant scrolls,
Where fame the acts of demi-gods enrolls,
And as the rent records in pieces fell,
Each scrap did some immortal action tell.

This show'd, how fix'd as fate Torquatus stood;
That, the fam'd passage of the Granic flood;
The Julian eagles, here, their wings display,
And there, like setting stars, the Decii lay;
This does Camillus as a god extol,
That points at Manlius in the Capitol:
How Cocles did the Tiber's surges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Persians join,
And, there, th' immortal battle of the Boyne.

As the light messenger the fury spy'd,
While his curdling blood forgot to glide:
Confusion on his fainting vitals hung,
And falt'ring accents flutter'd on his tongue;

‡ See Dryd. Fab.

At length, assuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he shrunk into a shade.

The hag lay long revolving what might be
The blest event of such an embassy:
Then blazons in dread smiles her hideous form;
So light'ning gilds the unrelenting storm.*

* Then she: alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at those noble ills the fates deny?
Within this isle forever must I find
Disasters to distract my restless mind?
Good Tennyson's eccl'sial piety
At last has rais'd him to the sacred see,
Somers does sick'ning equity restore,
And helpless orphans are oppress'd no more.
Pembroke to Britain endless blessings brings;
He spoke; and peace clapp'd her triumphant wings
Great Ormond shines illustriously bright
With blazes of hereditary right.
The noble ardour of a royal fire
Inspires the gen'rous breast of Devonshire,
And Macclesfield is active to defend
His country with the zeal he loves his friend.
Like Leda's radiant sons divinely clear,
Portland and Jersey dock'd in rays appear,
To gild by turns the Gallic hemisphere,
Worth in distress is rais'd by Montague;
Augustus listens if Maecenas sue;
And Vernon's vigilance no slumber takes,
Whilst faction peeps abroad, and anarchy awakes.

thus she——mankind are blest, they riot still
unbounded in exorbitance of ill.

By devastation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten most when famine reigns;
For sickly seasons the physicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of state;
The lover's easy when the fair one sighs,
And gods subsist not but by sacrifice.

Each other being some indulgence knows;

Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.

My present pain Britannia's genius wills,

And thus the fates record my future ills.

A heroine shall Albion's sceptre bear,

With arms shall vanquish earth, and heav'n with pray'r.

She on the world her clemency shall show'r,

And only to preserve, exert her pow'r.

Winged tyrants shall then their impious aims forbear,

And Blenheim's thunder more than Aetna's fear. †

Since by no arts I therefore can defeat

The happy enterprizes of the great,

I'll calmly stoop to more inferior things,

And try if my lov'd snakes have teeth or fangs.

She said; and straight thrill *Colon's person took,

Her morals loose, but most precise in look.

Black-friers annals lately pleas'd to call

him warden of apothecaries-hall.

† In Aetna were forged the thunder bolts which Jove
employed against the ambition of the giants.

akes. * Birch an apothecary.

And, when so dignify'd, did not forbear
 That operation which the learn'd declare
 Gives colics ease, and makes the ladies fair.
 In trifling show his tinsel talent lies,
 And form the want of intellects supplies.
 In aspect grand and goodly he appears,
 Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.
 Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
 A barren superfluity of words. *
 The patient's ears remorseless he assails,
 Murders with jargon where his med'cine fails.

The fury thus assuming Colon's grace,
 So slung her arms, so shuff'd in her pace.
 Onward she hastens to the fam'd abodes,
 Where † Hqroscope invokes th' infernal gods;
 And reach'd the mansion where the vulgar run,
 For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.

This visionary various projects tries,
 And knows, that to be rich is to be wise.
 By useful observations he can tell
 The sacred charms that in true sterling dwell.
 How gold makes a patrician of a slave,
 A dwarf an Atlas, a Therſites brave.
 It cancels all defects, and in their place
 Finds sense in Brownlow, charms in lady § Grace:

* In haste he strides along to recompence
 The want of business with its vain pretence.

† Houghton an apothecary.

§ Lady Grace Pierpoint.

guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
no bankrupt ever found a fair-one kind.

So truly Horoscope its virtues knows,
to this lov'd idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
and fancies such bright heraldry can prove,
the vile plebeian but the third from Jove.

Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
old to prescribe, and busy to apply.

His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets, and domestic toys.

Here mummies lay most reverently state,
and there, the tortoise hung her coat of mail;

Not far from some huge shark's devouring head
The flying fish their finny pinions spread.

Loft in rows large poppy-heads were strung,
and near, a scaly alligator hung.

In this place, drugs in musty heaps decay'd;
and that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.

An inner-room receives the num'rous shoals,
of such as pay to be reputed fools.

Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
and planetary schemes amuse the eye.

The sage, in velvet chair, here lolls at ease,
to promise future health for present fees.

Then, as from tripod, solemn shams reveals,
and what the stars know nothing of, foretells.

One asks how soon Panthea may be won,
and longs to feel the marriage fetters on:

Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
inquire when courteous fates will strike 'em off.

Some by what means they may redress their wrong
When fathers the possession keep too long.
And some would know the issue of their cause,
And whether gold can solder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To lose by art what fruitful nature gave;
And Portia old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curse, and begs a son.
Whilst Iris his cosmetic wash would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some ask for charms, and others philters choose,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans lose.
Young Hylas, botch'd with stains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame:
Cloy'd with desire, and surfeited with charms,
A hot-house he prefers to Julia's arms.
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the sparks of love.

Bleak envy these dull frauds with pleasure sees,
And wonders at the senseless mysteries.
In Colón's voice she thus calls out aloud
On Horoscope environ'd by the croud.

Forbear, forbear, thy vain amusements cease,
Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile release;
And to that dire misfortune listen well,
Which thou shou'dst fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever wast esteem'd by me
The great Alcides of our company.
When we with noble scorn resolv'd to ease
Ourselves from all parochial offices;

and to our wealthier patients left the care,
and draggled dignity of scavenger;
each zeal in that affair thou didst express,
ought cou'd be equal but the great success.
Now call to mind thy gen'rous prowess past,
what thou shoud'st, by thinking what thou wast:
the faculty of Warwick-Lane design,
not to storm, at least to undermine.
their gates each day ten thousand night-caps croud,
and mortars utter their attempts aloud.
If they should once unmask our mystery,
each nurse, ere-long, wou'd be as learn'd as we;
our art expos'd to ev'ry vulgar eye,
and none, in complaisance to us, wou'd die.
What if we claim their right t' assassinate,
must they needs turn apothecaries straight?
prevent it, gods! all stratagems we try,
to croud with new inhabitants your sky.
Tis we who wait the destinies command,
to purge the troubled air, and weed the land.
and dare the College insolently aim
to equal our fraternity in fame?
Then let crabs-eyes with pearl for virtue try,
or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie;
to glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
and Hare-court pump with Aganippe's streams.
Our manufactures now they meanly sell,
and their true value treacherously tell;

Nay, they discover too, their spite is such,
That health, than crowns more valued, cost not much
Whilst we must steer our conduct by these rules,
To cheat as tradesmen, or to starve as fools.

At this fam'd Horoscope turn'd pale, and straight
In silence tumbld from his chair of state,
The croud in great confusion sought the door,
And left the Magus fainting on the floor.
Whilst in his breast the fury breath'd a storm,
Then sought her cell, and re-assum'd her form.
Thus from the fore altho' the insect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in disguise:

Officious Squirt in haste forsook his shop,
To succour the expiring Horoscope.
Oft he essay'd the Magus to restore,
By salt of succinum's prevailing pow'r;
Yet still supine the solid lumber lay
An image of scarce animated clay;
'Till fates, indulgent when disasters call,
By Squirt's nice hand apply'd an urinal;
The wight no sooner did the steam receive,
But rous'd, and bless'd the stale restorative.
The springs of life their former vigour feel,
Such zeal he had for that vile utensil.
So when the great Pelides, Thetis found,
He knew the sea-weed scent, and th' azure goddess own

‡ Whilst we, at our expence, must persevere,
And for another world, be ruin'd here.

CANTO III.

ALL night the sage in pensive tumults lay,
Complaining of the slow approach of day;
It turn'd him round, and strove to think no more
Of what shrill Colon said the day before.

Nowslips and poppies o'er his eyes he spread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
But those bless'd opiats still in vain he tries,
Deep's gentle image his embraces flies:
Multitudinous cares lay rolling in his breast,
And thus his anxious thoughts the sage express.

Oft has this planet roll'd around the sun,
Once to consult the skies, I first begun:
Which my applause, so mighty my success,
Once granted my predictions more than guess.
Not, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
His faith, there can be no mistake in gain.
For the dull world most honour pay to those
Who on their understanding most impose.
First man creates, and then he fears the elf,
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself;
He loaths the substance, and he loves the show;
You'll ne'er convince a fool, himself is so:
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And still the only pleasure's the deceit.
Comets flatter with a dazzling dye
Which no existence has, but in the eye.

As distant prospects please us, but when near,
We find but desert rocks, and fleeting air.
From stratagem to stratagem we run,
And he knows most, who latest is undone.

Mankind one day serene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe:
New passions, new opinions still excite,
And what they like at noon, they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with ease,
And health, for want of change, becomes disease.
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are slaves to superstitious fear.
They counsel others, but themselves deceive,
And tho' they're cozen'd still, they still believe.

So false their censure, fickle their esteem,
This hour they worship, and the next blaspheme.

Shall I then, who with penetrating sight,
Inspect the springs that guide each appetite:
Who with unfathom'd searches hourly pierce
The dark recesses of the universe,
Be aw'd, if puny emmets wou'd oppress;
Or fear their fury, or their name cares?
If all the fiends that in low darkness reign,
Be not the fictions of a sickly brain,
That project, the † Dispensary they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, shall fall.

With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots thro' the crystal kingdoms of the skies;

† Medicines made up there, for the use of the poor

The savage kind in forests cease to roam,
 And fots o'ercharg'd with nauseous loads reel home.
 Drums, trumpets, hautboys wake the slumbring pair;
 Whilst bridegroom sighs, and thinks the bride less fair.
 Night's chearful smiles o'er th' azure west are spread,
 And Miss from inns o' court bolts out unpaid.
 The sage transported at th' approaching hour,
 Superiously thrice thunder'd on the floor;
 Mysterious Squirt that moment had access,
 His trust was great, his vigilance no less.
 To him thus Horoscope:

My kind companion in this dire affair,
 Which is more light, since you assume a share;
 Try with what haste you us'd to do of old,
 When clyster was in danger to be cold:
 With expedition on the beadle call,
 To summon all the company to th' hall.

Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
 Swift as from phial steams of harts-horn rise.

The Magus in the int'rim mumbles o'er
 The terms of art to some infernal pow'r,
 And draws mysterious circles on the floor.

But from the gloomy vault no glaring spright
 Ascends, to blast the tender bloom of light.

No mystic sounds from hell's detested womb,
 No dusky exhalations upwards come.

And now to raise an altar he decrees,

To that devouring harpy call'd Disease:

When flow'rs in canisters he hastes to bring,

The wither'd product of a blighted spring.

With cold solanum from the Pontic shore,
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore,
The griper fenna, and the puker rue,
The sweetner sassafras are added too;
And on the structure next he heaps a load
Of sulphur, turpentine and mastie wood:
Gums, fossils too the pyramid increas'd;
A mummy next, once monarch of the east.
Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with prescriptions lights the solemn pile.

Feebly the flames on clumsy wings aspire,
And smoth'ring fogs of smoke benight the fire.
With sorrow he beheld the sad portent,
Then to the hag these orisons he sent.

Disease! thou ever most propitious pow'r,
Whose kind indulgence we discern each hour †:
Thou well canst boast thy num'rous pedigree,
Begot by sloth, maintain'd by luxury.
In gilded palaces thy prowess reigns,
But flies the humble sheds of cottage swains.
To you such might and energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong.
The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vassals only kind.

If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire, and confirm your sway,

† Thou that would'st lay whole states and regions waste
Sooner than we thy cormorants should fast.

as the weekly bills can reach around,
 from Kent-street end to fam'd St. Giles's Pound;
 hold this poor libation with a smile,
 and let auspicious light break through the pile.

He spoke; and on the pyramid he laid
 y leaves and vipers hearts. and thus he said;
 these consume in this mysterious fire,
 let the curs'd Dispensary † expire.

and as those crackle in the flames, and die,
 let its vessels burst, and glasses fly.

at a sinister cricket straight was heard,
 the altar fell, the off'ring disappear'd.

the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
 quirt brought the news the company was met.

Nigh where Fleet-ditch descends in sable streams,
 to wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames;

here stands a ‡ structure on a rising hill,

where tyros take their freedom out to kill.

some pictures in these dreadful shambles tell,

how, by the Delian god, the Pithon fell;

and how Medea did the philter brew,

that cou'd in Jason's veins young force renew;

how mournful § Myrrha for her crimes appears,

and heals hysteric matrons still with tears;

how Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more,

live in sacred plants, and health restore;

† See the allusion. Theoc. Pharm.

‡ Apothecary's Hall. § See Ov. Met.

How sanguine swains their am'rous hours repent,
When pleasure's past, and pains are permanent;
And how frail nymphs, oft by abortion, aim
To lose a substance, to preserve a name.

Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
Th' assembly † Diasenna thus address'd.

My kind confed'rates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on some more safe design,
And on no other bus'ness but to dine;
The faculty had still maintain'd their sway,
And int'rest then had bid us but obey;
This only emulation we had known,
Who best cou'd fill his purse, and thin the town.
But now from gath'ring clouds destruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours:
Mists from black jealousies the tempest form,
Whilst late divisions reinforce the storm.
Know, when these feuds, like those at law, were past
The winners will be losers at the last.
Like heroes in sea-fights we seek renown,
To fire some hostile ship, we burn our own.
Whoe'er throws dust against the wind, descries
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes.
That juggler which another's slight will show,
But teaches how the world his own may know.

Thrice happy were those golden days of old,
When dear as Burgundy, ptisans were sold;

† Gilstorp an apothecary.

When patients chose to die with better will,
 Than breathe, and pay the apothecary's bill :
 And cheaper than for our assistance call,
 Might go to Aix or Bourbon, spring and fall †.
 When priests increas'd, and piety decay'd,
 Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
 Their lives and doctrine, slaves and atheists made,
 The laws were but the hireling judge's sense ;
 uries were sway'd by venal evidence.

Fools were promoted to the council-board,
 Fools to the bench, and bullies to the sword.
 Factions in private were the senate's aim ;
 And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.

But now no influencing art remains,
 Nor Somers has the seal, and Nassau reigns.
 And we, in spite of our resolves, must bow,
 And suffer by a reformation too.

Nor now late jars our practices detect,
 Nor mines, when once discover'd, lose effect.
 Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun,
 Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run :
 Lines that from their parallel decline,
 Ere they proceed, the more they still disjoin.

But now late jars our practices detect,
 Nor mines, when once discover'd, lose th' effect.
 Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun,
 Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.
 Lines that from their parallel decline,
 Ere they advance, the more they still disjoin.

'Tis therefore my advice, in haste we send,
And beg the faculty to be our friend;
Send swarms of patients, and our quarrels end.
So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
Straight turn familiar, and their fasces quit.
In vain we but contend, that planet's pow'r
Those vapours can disperse it rais'd before.

As he prepar'd the mischief to recite,
Keen † Colocythus paus'd and foam'd with spite.
Sour ferments on his shining surface swim,
Work up to froath, and bubble o'er the brim:
Not beauties fret so much if freckles come,
Or nose should redden in the drawing-room;
Or lovers that mistake th' appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute want the pow'r.
Thus he——Thou scandal of great Paean's art,
At thy approach the springs of nature start,
The nerves unbrace: nay, at the sight of thee,
A scratch turns cancer, itch a leprosy.
Cou'dst thou propose, that we, the friends of fates,
Who fill church-yards, and who unpeople states,
Who baffle nature, and dispose of lives,
Whilst § Russel, as we please or starves, or thrives,
Shou'd e'er submit to their despotic will,
Who out o' consultation scarce can kill?
The tow'ring Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales;

† Dare an apothecary.

§ A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

r Norwich trade in instruments of steel,
 nd Bromingham in stuffs and druggets deal!
 llys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
 nd Monmouth-street, Versailles with riding-hoods;
 he sick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
 nd change the gravel-pits for Kentish air.
 ur properties must on our arms depend;
 'tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
 'tis to the vulgar, death too harsh appears;
 he ill we feel is only in our fears.

To die, is landing on some silent shore,
 There billows never break, nor tempests roar:
 e well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er. }
 he wise thro' thought th' insults of death defy;
 he fools, thro' blest insensibility.
 'tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
 ight by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the brave.
 eases lovers, sets the captive free;
 d, tho' a tyrant, offers liberty.

Sound but to arms, the foe shall soon confess
 r force increases, as our funds grow less;
 d what requir'd such industry to raise,
 e'll scatter into nothing as we please.
 us they'll acknowledge to annihilate
 ws no less wondrous pow'r than to create.
 e'll raise our num'rous cohorts, and oppose
 e feeble forces of our pygmy foes;
 gions of quacks shall join us on the place,
 m great Kirleus down to Doctor Case.

Tho such vile rubbish sink, yet we shall rise;
Directors still secure the greatest prize.
Such poor supports serve only like a stay;
The tree once fix'd, its rest is torn away.

So patriots, in time of peace and ease,
Forget the fury of the late disease:
On dangers past, serenely think no more,
And curse the hand that heal'd the wound before.

Arm therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call;
Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall.

To this the session seem'd to give consent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
At length the growing diff'rence to compose,
Two brothers, † Ascarides, arose.
Both had the volubility of tongue,
In meaning faint, but in opinion strong.
To speak they both assum'd a like pretence;
The elder gain'd his just preeminence.

Thus he: 'Tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
But ere we once engage in honour's cause,
First know what honour is, and whence it was.
Scorn'd by the base, 'tis courted by the brave,
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave.
Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air,
And both exists by hope and by despair.
Angry whene'er a moment's ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.

† The Pearces, apothecaries.

lives, when in death's arms the hero lies:

but when his safety he consults, it dies.

Engotted to this idol, we disclaim

rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name.

Then let us, to the field before we move,

know, if the gods our enterprise approve.

Suppose th' unthinking faculty unveil

What, we, thro' wiser conduct, would conceal:

Can't reason we should quarrel with the glass

That shews the monstrous features of our face?

Or grant some grave pretenders have of late

Thought fit an innovation to create;

Soon they'll repent what rashly they begun:

Who's projects please, projectors are undone.

All novelties must this success expect,

When good, our envy; and when bad, neglect;

Reason cou'd direct, ere now each gate

Had borne some trophy of triumphal state.

Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe

Troy and Namur to Jove and to Nassau.

Then since no veneration is allow'd,

For to the real, or th' appearing good;

The project that we vainly apprehend,

Must, as it blindly rose, as vilely end.

Some members of the faculty there are,

Who int'rest prudently to oaths prefer.

If things of use were valu'd, there had been
Some workhouse where the Monument is seen.

Our friendship with feign'd airs they poorly court,
And boast, their politics are our support.
Them we'll consult about this enterprise,
And boldly execute what they advise.

But from below, while such resolves they took,
Some Aurum Fulminans the † fabric shook.
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their safety, and their rage forget.

So when at Bathos earth's big offspring strove
To scale the skies, and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the afs of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confusion fled.

† The room the apothecaries meet in, is over
laboratory.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented theatre, [pair;
Where wand'ring punks each night at five re-
Where purple emperors in buskins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread;
Where Bentley, by old writers, wealthy grew,
And Briscoe lately was undone by new:
Where triumphs a physician of renown,
To none, but such as rust in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart
His known experience, and his healing art.
When Burgeſs deafens all the liſt'ning preſs
With peals of moſt ſeraphic emptineſs;
When myſterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his pariſh to a lethargy;
His Aſculapius waits hard by, to eaſe
The martyrs of ſuch Chriſtian cruelties.
Long has this darling quarter of the town,
For lewdneſs, wit, and gallantry been known.
All ſorts meet here, of whatſoe'er degree,
To blend and juſtle into harmony.
The critics each advent'rous author ſcan,
And praife or cenſure as they like the man.
The weeds of writings for the ſlow'rs they cull;
Unſavory taſteleſs, ſo correſtly dull!
The politicians of Parnaſſus prate,
And poets canvass the affairs of ſtate;

The cits ne'er talk of trade and stock, but tell
 How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
 The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
 First find a spark, and after lose a nose.
 The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
 He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
 And in the cloister pensive Strephon waits,
 'Till Chloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
 And if th' ungen'rous nymph a shaft lets fly,
 More fatally than from a sparkling eye,
 * Mirmillo, that sam'd opifer, is nigh.

The trading tribe oft thither throng to dine,
 And want of elbow-room supply in wine.
 Cloy'd with variety, they surfeit there,
 Whilst the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
 'Twas here the champions of the party met,
 Of their heroic enterprise to treat.
 Each hero a tremendous air put on,
 And stern Mirmillo in these words begun :

'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here
 No grievance you can know, but I must share.
 'Tis plain, my int'rest you've advanc'd so long,
 Each see, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a tongue.
 And, in return, tho' I have strove to rend
 Those statutes, which on oath I should defend;
 Such arts are trifles to a gen'rous mind :
 Great services, as great returns shou'd find.

* Dr. Guibbons.

and you'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
in brandish arms as well as urinals.

Oxford and all her passing bells can tell,
by this right arm what mighty numbers fell.

Whilst others meanly ask'd whole months to slay,
I oft dispatch'd the patient in a day:

With pen in hand I push'd to that degree,
I scarce had left a wretch to give a fee.

Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in ev'ry pill.

For save or slay, this privilege we claim,
Tho' credit suffers, the reward's the same.

What tho' the art of healing we pretend,
He that designs it least, is most a friend.

To the right we err, and must confess
To oversights we often owe success.

Thus Bessus got the battle in the play;
His glorious cowardice restor'd the day.

To the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its desert
To chance, and not the labour'd strokes of art.

Physicians, if they're wise, should never think
Of any arms but such as pen and ink:

At th' enemy, at their expence, shall find
When honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.

He said; and seal'd th' engagement with a kiss,
Which was return'd by younger Ascaris;

Who thus advanc'd: Each word, sir, you impart,
Has something killing in it, like your art.

How much we to your boundless friendship owe,
Your files can speak, and your prescriptions show.

Your ink descends in such excessive show'rs,
 'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.
 Whilst poor pretenders puzzle o'er a case,
 You but appear, and give the coup de grace.
 O that near * Xanthus' banks you had but dwelt,
 When Ilium first Achaian fury felt,
 The horned river then had curs'd in vain
 Young Peleus' arm, that chok'd his stream with slain.
 No trophies you had left for Greeks to raise;
 Their ten years toil, you'd finish'd in ten days.
 Fate smiles on your attempts, and when you list,
 In vain the cowards fly, or brave resist.
 Then let us arm, we need not fear success;
 No labours are too hard for Hercules.
 Our military ensigns we'll display;
 Conquest pursues, where courage leads the way.

To this design shrill † Querpo did agree,
 A zealous member of the faculty;
 His sire's pretended pious steps he treads,
 And where the doctor fails, the saint succeeds.
 A conventicle fleth'd his greener years,
 And his full age the righteous rancour shares.
 Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,
 To make the fowl more furious for the fray.

Slow ‡ Carus next discover'd his intent,
 With painful pauses mutt'ring what he meant.

* See Hom. ii.

† Dr. Howe.

‡ Dr. Tyson.

is sparks of life, in spite of drugs, retreat,
cold, that only calentures can heat.

his chill veins the sluggish puddle flows,
and loads with lazy fogs his sable brows.

regions of lunatics about him press,
his province is, lost reason to redress.

when perfumes their fragrant scent give o'er,
ought can their odour, like a jakes, restore.

then for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
with lumber of vile books besieg'd around.

he gazing throng acknowledge their surprise,
and, deaf to reason, still consult their eyes.

till he perceives the world will often find,
to catch the eye is to convince the mind.

thus a weak state, by wise distrust inclines
to num'rous stores, and strength in magazines.

fools are always most profuse of words,
and cowards never fail of longest swords.

abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
and from the world, to dust and worms retreat.

here dregs and sediment of auctions reign,
refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck-lane.

and up these walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
with Swiss philosophy, and Runic rhymes.

other, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Bede's works entire, and endless reams of Brome.

where would the long-neglected Collins fly,
bounteous Carus shou'd refuse to buy?

at each vile scribbler's happy on this score,
I'll find some Carus still to read him o'er.

Nor must we the obsequious * Umbra spare,
 Who soft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
 But when some rival pow'r invades a right,
 Flies set on flies, and turtles turtles fight.
 Else courteous Umbra to the last had been
 Demurely meek, insipidly serene.

† With him, the present still some virtues have,
 The vain are sprightly, and the stupid, grave;
 The slothful, negligent; the soppyish, neat;
 The lewd are airy; and the sly, discreet;
 A wren an eagle, a baboon a bear;
 ‡ Colt a Lycurgus, and a Phocion, § Rowe.

Heroic ardor now th' assembly warms,
 Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
 For future glory, while the scheme is laid,
 Fam'd Horoscopes thus offers to dissuade;

Since of each enterprise th' event's unknown,
 We'll quit the sword and hearken to the gown.
 Nigh lives †† Vagellius, one reputed long
 For strength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.
 For fees, to any form he moulds a cause,
 The worst has merits, and the best has flaws.
 Five guineas make a criminal to day,
 And ten to morrow wipe the stain away.
 Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
 Milo's the butcher, Clodio's th' homicide.

* Dr. Gould: † See the Imitation, Hor. sat. 3.

‡ Sir H. Dutton Colt. § Mr. Anthony Rowe.

†† Sir T. Powis.

to pernicious, Catiline a saint,
 ford suspected, Duncomb innocent.
 o law then, friends, for 'tis by fate decreed,
 gellius, and our money, shall succeed.
 now, when I first invok'd Disease by charms,
 o prove propitious to our future arms,
 omens did the sacrifice attend,
 or wou'd the Sibyl from her grott ascend,
 As Horoscope urg'd farther to be heard,
 e thus was interrupted by a * Bard:
 In vain your magic mysteries you use,
 ch sounds the Sibyl's sacred ears abuse.
 hese lines the pale divinity shall raise,
 ch is the pow'r of sound, and force of lays.
 † Arms meet with arms, fauchions with fauchi-
 ons clash,
 And sparks of fire struck out from armour flash.
 Thick clouds of dust contending warriors raise,
 And hideous war o'er all the region brays.
 Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
 Some massy balls of brass, some mighty tubs
 Of cinders bore.
 Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck
 Affright the skies, and fry the ocean's back.
 As he went rumbling on, the fury straight
 wou'd in, her limbs cou'd scarce support her weight.

at. 3.
 we.

* Sir Richard Blackmore. † King Arthur, p. 307.
 King Arthur, p. 327. § Prince Arthur, p. 130.

A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd lips these accents found.

Mortal, how dar'st thou with such lines address
My awful seat, and trouble my recess?
In Essex marshy hundreds is a cell,
Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell:
Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
And shiv'ring quartans shake the sickly air.
There, when fatigu'd, some silent hours I pass,
And substitute physicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
The dissonance of such untuneful verse.
But in your lines let energy be found,
And learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound.
Harsh words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear;
None please the fancy, who offend the ear.
In sense and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherly, consider Dryden well.
In one, what vig'rous turns of fancy shine!
In th'other, sirens warble in each line,
If Dorset's sprightly muse but touch the lyre,
The smiles and graces melt in soft desire,
And little loves confess their am'rous fire ‡.
The gentle Isis claims the ivy crown,
To bind th' immortal brows of Addison.

‡ The Tiber now no gentle Gallus sees,
But smiling Thames enjoys her Normanbys.

tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
 quits the woods, the list'ning fawns the plains;
 and Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
 and Britain, since * Pausanias was writ,
 shows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
 then Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
 what Apollo dictates, Prior sings.
 the banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention show,
 and silver Sequana forgets to flow.

Such just examples carefully read o'er,
 made without falling, without straining, soar.
 tho' your strokes surprise, you should not chuse
 theme so mighty for a virgin muse.

long did † Apelles his fam'd piece decline,
 as Alexander was his last design.

his Montague's rich vein alone must prove,
 none but a Phidias should attempt a Jove ‡.

The fury paus'd, till with a frightful sound
 rising whirlwind burst th' unhallow'd ground.
 when she——The deity we Fortune call,
 o' distant, rules and influences all.

* Pausanias written by Mr. Norton.

† See Hor. B. 2. Ep. 1. Plin. Plaut. Cic. Ep.
Max.

‡ The fury said; and vanishing from sight,
 Cry'd out, to arms; so left the realms of light,
 The combatants to th' enterprise consent,
 And the next day smil'd on the great event.

Straight for her favour to her court repair;
Important embassies ask wings of air.

Each wond'ring stood, but Horoscope's great soul
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind.

The ev'ning now with blushes warms the air,
The steer resigns the yoke, the hind his care.
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refresh the earth below.
The bat with sooty wings flits thro' the grove,
The reeds scarce rustle, nor the aspines move,
And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.
Thro' the transparent region of the skies,
Swift as a wish the missionary flies.
With wonder he surveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors sporting there.
How lambent jellies kindling in the night,
Shoot thro' the aether in a trail of light;
How rising steams in th'azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or soft in show'rs descend;
Or if the stubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail.
How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luscious sweets adorn.
How heat and moisture mingle in a mass,
Or belch in thunder, or in light'ning blaze.
Why nimble coruscations strike the eye,
And bold tornado's bluster in the sky.

why a prolific Aura upwards tends,
 erments, and in a living show'r descends.
 low vapours hanging on the tow'ring hills
 breezes sigh, or weep in warbling rills:
 hence infant winds their tender pinions try,
 and river-gods their thirsty urns supply.
 The wond'ring sage pursues his airy flight,
 and braves the chill unwholsome damps of night;
 he views the tracts where luminaries rove,
 to settle seasons here, and fates above.
 he bleak Arcturus still forbid the seas,
 the stormy Kids, the weeping Hyades;
 the * shining Lyre with strains attracting more
 heav'n's glitt'ring mansions now than † hell's before;
 and Cassiopeia circling in the sky,
 and each fair Churchil of the Galaxy.
 Aurora on Etesian breezes borne,
 with blushing lips breathes out the sprightly morn:
 each show'r in dew their short-liv'd empire weeps,
 and Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion sleeps.
 through the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
 perfect objects tell the doubtful day.
 when he discerns majestic Atlas rise,
 and bend beneath the burden of the skies.
 as tow'ring brows aloft no tempests know,
 whilst light'ning flies, and thunder rolls below.

* Orpheus's harp made a constellation.

† See Manil.

Distant from hence beyond a waste of plains,
Proud Teneriff his giant brother reigns;
With breathing fire his pitchy nostrils glow,
As from his sides he shakes the fleecy snow,
Around this hoary prince, from wat'ry beds,
His subject islands raise their verdant heads;
The waves so gently wash each rising hill,
The land seems floating, and the ocean still.

Eternal spring with smiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year
From crystal rocks transparent riv'lets flow;
The tuberosc ever breathes, and violets blow.
The vine undress'd her swelling clusters bears,
The lab'ring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Blossoms and fruit at once the * citron shows,
And as she pays, discovers still she owes.
The orange to her sun her pride displays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
No blasts e'er discompose the peaceful sky,
The springs but murmur, and the winds but sigh.
The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float,
And, warbling dirges, die on ev'ry note.
Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings,
And scatters odours from his purple wings;
Whilst birds from woodbine bow'rs and jessmine groves
Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves.
Mild seasons, rising hills, and silent dales,
Cool grotto's, silver brooks, and flow'ry vales,

* Wall.

roves fill'd with balmy shrubs in pomp appear,
and scent with gales of sweets the circling year.

These happy isles, where endless pleasures wait,
are fill'd by tuneful bards—the Fortunate.

In high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort,
the hoodwink'd goddess keeps her partial court.

On a wheel of * amethyst she sits,

lives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.

In this still labyrinth, around her lie

cells, philters, globes, and schemes of palmistry:

in this hand the gypsy bears,

with' other a prophetic sieve and sheers.

The dame, by divination, knew that soon

the Magus wou'd appear—and then begun:

Oh sacred seer! thy embassy I know,

Wars must ensue, the fates will have it so.

Bad fates shall follow, and disasters great,

Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:

Each side shall conquer, and yet both shall fail;

the mortar now, and then the urinal.

To thee alone my influence I owe;

Where nature has deny'd, my favours flow.

As I that give, so mighty is my pow'r,

White to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.

From the wretch's wish, the rook's pretence,

the sluggard's ease, the coxcomb's providence.

* This stone reckoned fortunate; see the Hist. of
Mag. Magic.

† See the Allusion, Lucan.

Sir Scrape-quill, once a supple smiling slave,
 Looks lofty now, and insolently grave;
 Builds, settles, purchases, and has each hour
 Caps from the rich, and curses from the poor.
 Spadillio, that at table serv'd o' late,
 Drinks rich Tockay himself, and eats in plate;
 Has levees, villas, mistresses in store,
 And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.

Souls heavenly born, my faithless boons defy;
 The brave is to himself a deity.

Tho' blest Astrea's gone, some soil remains
 Where fortune is the slave, and merit reigns.

The Tiber boasts his Julian progeny,
 Thames his Nassau, the Nile his Ptolomy.
 Iberia, yet for future sway design'd,
 Shall, for a Hesse, a greater Mordaunt find.
 Thus ‡ Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
 She lost a * hero, and she found a † god.

‡ See Steph.

* Theseus.

† Bacchus.

CANTO V.

When the still night, with peaceful poppies crown'd,
Had spread her shady pinions o'er the ground;
And stumb'ring chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and streams are the soft virgin's theme;
The surges gently dash against the shore,
The rocks quit the plains, and galley-slaves the oar;
The deep shakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes,
The armillo is the only wretch it flies:
He finds no respite from his anxious grief;
When seeks from this soliloquy, relief.
Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppress'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.
None e'er cou'd die with due solemnity,
Unless his passport first was sign'd by me.
My arbitrary bounty's undeny'd;
Five reversions, and for heirs provide.
None cou'd the tedious nuptial state support,
But I to make it easy, make it short.
Let the discontented matrons free,
And ransom husbands from captivity.
All one of such importance then engage
In noisy riot, and in civil rage?
No: I'll endeavour straight a peace, and so
To preserve my character, and person too.
But Discord, that still haunts with hideous mien
Those dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,

O'er-heard Mirmillo's anguish, then begun
In peevish actions to express her own.
Have I so often banish'd lazy peace
From her dark solitude, and lov'd recess?
Have I made South and Sherlock disagree
And puzzle truth with learn'd obscurity?
And does the faithful Ferguson profess
His ardour still for animosities?
Have I, Britannia's safety to ensure,
Expos'd her naked, to be most secure?
Have I made parties opposite, unite,
In monstrous leagues of amicable spite,
To curse their country, whilst the common cry
Is freedom, but their aim, the ministry?
And shall a dastard's cowardice prevent
The war, so long I've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.

With that, the hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,
And taking Querpo's meagre shape, she said;
At noon of night I hasten, to dispel
Those tumults in your pensive bosom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving sighs,
Nay, saw the tears debating in your eyes.
O that 'twere but a dream! but threats I find
Low'r in your looks, and rankle in your mind,
Speak, whence it is this late disorder flows,
That shakes your soul, and troubles your repose.
Mistakes in practice scarce cou'd give you pain,
Too well you know the dead will ne'er complain.

C A N T O V.

What looks discover, said the homicide,
 You'd be a fruitless industry to hide.
 My safety first I must consult, and then
 I'll serve our suff'ring party with my pen.
 All shou'd, reply'd the hag, their talent learn;
 The most attempting oft the least discern.
 Let Peterborough speak, and Vanbrugh write,
 Let Acon court, and rough Caecinna fight:
 Each must succeed; but when th' enervate aim
 Beyond their force, they still contend for shame.
 And Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
 He had not been the Saffold o' the town.
 Hies and owls, unseen, their kind betray,
 These attempt to hoot, or those to bray.
 And Westley never aim'd in verse to please,
 He had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
 All censures will on dull pretenders fall,
 Codrus shou'd expect a Juvenal.
 Lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd,
 To set off, and to recommend the good.
 Diamonds take a lustre from their soyle;
 And to a Bently 'tis we owe a Boyle.
 Consider well the talent you possess,
 To strive to make it more would make it less;
 And recollect what gratitude is due,
 To those whose party you abandon now.
 To them you owe your odd magnificence,
 And to your stars your magazine of sense.

Haspt in a tombril, aukward have you shuin'd,
 With one fat slave before, and none behind, ‡
 Then haste and join your true intrepid friends,
 Success on vigour and dispatch depends.

Lab'ring in doubts Mirmillo stood, then said,
 'Tis hard to undertake, if gain dissuade;
 What fool for noisy feuds large fees wou'd leave?
 Ten harvests more, wou'd all I wish for give.

True man, reply'd the elf; by choice diseas'd,
 Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd,
 A present good they slight, an absent choose.
 And what they have, for what they have not, lose.
 False prospects all their true delights destroy.
 Resolv'd to want, yet lab'ring to enjoy.

In restless hurries thoughtlessly they live,
 At substance oft unmov'd, for shadows grieve.
 Children at toys, as men at titles aim;
 And in effect both covet but the same.
 This Philip's son prov'd in revolving years;
 And first for rattles, then for worlds shed tears.

The fury spoke, then in a moment fir'd
 The hero's breast with tempests, and retir'd.

‡ But soon what they've exalted they'll disdain,
 And set up Carus or the city bard.

Alarm'd at this, the hero courage took,
 And storms of terror threaten'd in his look.
 My dread resolves, he cry'd, I'll straight pursue;
 The fury satisfy'd, in smiles withdrew.

In boding dreams Mirmillo spent the night,
 and frightful phantoms danc'd before his sight,
 till the pale Pleiads clos'd their eyes of light,
 at length gay morn glows in the eastern skies,
 the larks in raptures thro' the æther rise,
 the azure mists scud o'er the dewy lawns,
 the chaunter at his early matins yawns,
 the am'ranth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
 and Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.

As bold Mirmillo the gray dawn descries,
 arm'd cap-a-pe, where honour calls, he flies,
 and finds the legions planted at their post;
 there mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the most.
 As arms were made, if we may credit fame,
 by Mulciber, the mayor of Bromingham.
 When temper'd stibium the bright shield was cast,
 and yet the work the metal far surpass'd.
 The foliage of the vulnerary leaves,
 lay'd round the brim, the wond'ring sight deceives.
 Round the center fate's bright trophies lay,
 axes, saws, incision knives, and tools to slay.
 A host upon the field, a battle stood
 of leeches spouting hemorrhoidal blood.
 The artist too express'd the solemn state
 when grave physicians at a consult met;
 but each symptom how they disagree,
 how unanimous in case of fee.

the Allusion, *Horn. Iliad. B. 18. Virg. Aen. B. 8.*
Ovid. Met. B. 2.

Whilst each assassin his learn'd colleague tires
With learn'd impertinence, the sick expires.

Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo shone,
Himself an Atlas, and his shield a moon.
A pestle for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a close-stool pan.
His crest an † Ibis, brandishing her beak,
And winding in loose folds her spiral neck.
This, when the young † Querpoides beheld,
His face in nurse's breast the boy conceal'd;
Then peep't, and with th' effulgent helm wou'd play
And as the monster gap'd wou'd shrink away.
Thus sometimes joy prevail'd, and sometimes fear;
And tears and smiles alternate passions were.

As Querpo tow'ring stood in martial might,
Pacific Carus sparkled on the right.
An || Oran Outang o'er his shoulders hung,
His plume confess'd the capon whence it sprung.
His motly mail scarce cou'd the hero bear,
Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war.

Fam'd chiefs,
For present triumphs born, design'd for more,
Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
If battle be resolv'd, you'll find this hand
Can deal out destiny, and fate command.

‡ This bird, according to the antients, gives its
clyster with its beak.

† Alluding to Astryanax. See Hom. Il.

|| The skin of a dissected baboon called so.

See F.

er foes in throngs shall hide the crimson plain,
and their Apollo interpose in vain.

no' gods themselves engage, a † Diomed
with ease cou'd show a deity can bleed.

But wars rough trade thou'd be by fools profess,
the truest rubbish fills a trench the best.

quinquies throttle, and the quartan shake,

droplics drown, and gout and colics rack;

at sword and pestilence lay waste, while we

age bloodless wars, and fight in theory.

who wants not merit needs not arm for fame;

the dead I raise, my chivalry proclaim,

leaves baffled, and lost health restor'd,

fame's bright list my victories record.

ere lives from me their preservation own,

an lovers lose if fair Cornelia frown.

Your cures, shrill Quерpo cry'd, aloud you tell,

wisely your miscarriages conceal.

no, a priest, in Samothrace of old,

us reason'd with Philopidas the bold;

mortal gods you own, but think 'em blind

what concerns the state of human kind.

her they hear not, or regard not pray'r,

at argues want of pow'r, and this of care.

ow that wisdom infinite must know;

'r infinite must act, I grant it so.

le straight to Neptune's fane, survey with zeal

e walls. What then? reply'd the infidel.

Observe those num'rous throngs in effigy,
 The gods have sav'd from the devouring sea.
 'Tis true, their pictures that escap'd you keep,
 But where are theirs that perish'd in the deep?

Vaunt now no more the triumph of your skill,
 But, tho' unfee'd, exert your arm, and kill.
 Our scouts have learn'd the posture of the foe;
 In war, surprises surest conduct show.

But fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
 That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells
 How truth in Burnet, how in Cav'ndish reigns,
 Varro's magnificence with Maro's strains;
 But how at church and bar all gape and stretch
 If Winnington plead, or South or Only preach;
 On nimble wings to Warwick-Lane repairs,
 And what the enemy intends, declares.
 Confusion in each countenance appear'd,
 A council's call'd, and * Stentor first was heard; ‡
 His lab'ring lungs the throng'd praetorium rent,
 Addressing thus the passive president.

|| Machaon, whose experience we adore,
 Great as your matchless merit, is your pow'r.

* Dr. Goodall.

‡ True to extremes, yet to dull forms a slave,
 He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
 With indignation, and a daring air,
 He paus'd awhile, and thus address'd the chair.
 || Sir Thomas Millington.

your approach, the baffled tyrant death
 breaks his keen shafts, and grinds his clashing teeth.
 To you we leave the conduct of the day;
 That you command, your vassals must obey.
 This dread enterprise you wou'd decline,
 We'll send to treat, and stifle the design.
 If my arguments had force, we'd try
 To humble our audacious foes, or die. ‡
 For spite, they'll find, to their advantage leans;
 The end is good, no matter for the means.
 Let modern casuists their talents try,
 Rightly for the sake of truth to lye.
 He had not finish'd, 'till th' out-guards descry'd
 Eight columns move in formidable pride;

What Stentor offer'd was by most approv'd:
 At sev'ral voices sev'ral methods mov'd.
 At length th' advent'rous heroes all agree
 To expect the foe, and act defensively.
 Into the shop their bold battalions move,
 And what their chief commands, the rest approve.
 Down from the walls they tear the shelves in haste,
 Which on their flank for palisades are plac'd;
 And then, behind the counter rang'd they stand,
 Their front so well secur'd; t' obey command.
 And now the scouts the adverse host descry,
 As aprons in the air for colours fly:
 With unresisted force they urge their way,
 And find the foe embattled in array.

The passing pomp so dazzled from afar,
It seem'd a triumph, rather than a war.
Tho' wide the front, tho' gross the phalanx grew,
It look'd less dreadful as it nearer drew.

The adverse host for action straight prepare;
All eager to unveil the face of war.
Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field
And to their trusty squire resign the shield:
To paint each knight, their ardor and alarms,
Wou'd ask the muse that sung the frogs in arms.

And now the signal summons to the fray;
Mock falchions flash, and paltry ensigns play.
Their patron god his silver bow-strings twangs;
Tough harness rustles, and bold armour clangs,
The piercing caustics ply their spiteful pow'r;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics scour.
The deadly drugs in double doses fly;
And pestles peal a martial symphony.

Now from their levell'd syringes they pour
The liquid volley of a missive show'r.
Not storms of fleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
Push'd on by northern gusts, such horror give.
Like spouts in southern seas the deluge broke,
And numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous stroke.

So when Leviathans dispute the reign
And uncontroll'd dominion of the main;
From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And isles of sea-weed on the waves are born:

ch watry stores from their spread nostrils fly,
is doubtful which is sea, and which is sky.

And now the stagg'ring braves, led by despair,
advance, and to return the charge, prepare.

Each seizes for his shield a spacious scale,
and the brass weights fly thick as show'rs of hail.

Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
With gally-pots, and broken phials crown'd;
Whilst empty jars the dire defeat resound.

Thus when some storm its crystal quarry rends,
and Jove in rattling show'rs of ice descends;

Mount Athos shakes the forests on his brow,
Whilst down his wounded sides fresh torrents flow,
and leaves and limbs of trees o'erspread the vale below.

But now, all order lost, promiscuous blows
confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.

From * Stentor's arm a massy opiat flies,
and straight a deadly sleep clos'd Carus' eyes.

† Colon great Sertorius buckthorn slung,
Who with fierce gripes, like those of death, was slung;

at with a dauntless and disdainful mien
curl'd back steel pills, and hit him on the spleen.

Chiron attack'd Talthibius with such might,
The pass had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,

Who straight retreated to evade the wound,
at in a flood of apozem was drown'd.

* Dr. Goodall against Dr. Tyson.

† Dr. Birch. † Dr. Gill against Dr. Ridley.

This * Psylas saw, and to the victor said,
Thou shalt not long survive th' unwieldy dead,
Thy fate shall follow; to confirm it, swore
By th' image of Priapus, which he bore:
And rais'd an † eagle-stone, invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a silver cloud.

Great queen of night, and empress of the seas,
If faithful to thy midnight mysteries,
If still observant of my early vows,
These hands have eas'd the mourning matron's throes
Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright;
So may loud cymbals aid thy lab'ring light.
He said, and let the pond'rous fragment fly
At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.

Tho' the haranguing god survey'd the war,
That day the muses sons were not his care.
Two friends, adepts, the Trismegists by name,
Alike their features, and alike their flame.
As simpling near fair Tweed each sung by turn,
The list'ning river would neglect his urn.
Those lives they fail'd to rescue by their skill,
Their ‡ muse could make immortal with her quill;
But learn'd enquiries after nature's state
Dissolv'd the league, and kindled a debate.
The one for lofty labours fruitful known,
Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.

* Dr. Chamberlain.

† See Plin.

‡ See Tass.

his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw
 at from its birth had slept unseen 'till now;
 on'd with the blow the batter'd bard retir'd,
 k down, and in a simile expir'd.
 And now the cohorts shake, the legions ply,
 e yielding flanks confess the victory.
 Stentor undaunted still, with noble rage
 ung thro' the battle, Querpo to engage.
 ce was the onset, the dispute was great,
 h could not vanquish, neither would retreat;
 h combatant his adversary mauls,
 th batter'd bed-pans, and stav'd urinals.
 Stentor's crest the useful crystal breaks,
 d tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks:
 whilst the champion, as late rumours tell,
 ign'd a sure decisive stroke, he fell:
 d as the victor hov'ring o'er him stood,
 th arms extended, thus the suppliant su'd.
 When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die;
 th's but a sure retreat from infamy.
 to the lost, if pity might be shown,
 flect on young Querpoides thy son;
 en pity mine, for such an infant-grace
 iles in his eyes, and flatters in his face,
 he was near, compassion he'd create,
 else lament his wretched parent's fate.
 ine is the glory, and the field is thine;
 o thee the lov'd † Dispens'ry I resign.

† See the allusion, Virg. Aen.

At this the victors own such extacies,
 As Memphian priests if their Osiris sneeze:
 Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd;
 Or simp'ring prudes with sprightly Nantz inspir'd;
 Or sultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown;
 Or fasting zealots when the sermon's done.

Awhile the chief the deadly stroke declin'd,
 And found compassion pleading in his mind.
 But whilst he view'd with pity the distress'd,
 He spy'd † Signetur writ upon his breast.
 Then tow'rd's the skies he toss'd his threatning head,
 And fir'd with more than mortal fury, said,

Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge desist,
 His Holiness shall turn a Quietist,
 Jansenius and the Jesuits agree,
 The inquisition wink at heresy ‡,
 Warm convocations own the church secure,
 And more consult her doctrine than her pow'r.

With that he drew a lance in his rage,
 To puncture the still supplicating sage.
 But while his thoughts that fatal stroke decrees,
 Apollo interpos'd in form of fees.
 The chief great Paean's golden tresses knew,
 He own'd the god, and his rais'd arm withdrew.

† Those members of the college that observe a late statute, are called by the apothecaries Signetur men.

‡ Faith stand unmov'd thro' Stillingsfleet's defence,
 And Locke for mystery abandon sense.

Thus often at the Temple-stairs we've seen
 No Tritons of a rough athletic mien,
 Early dispute some quarrel of the flood,
 With knuckles bruis'd, and face besmear'd in blood;
 At the first appearance of a fare,
 They quit the fray, and to their oars repair.
 The hero so his enterprize recalls,
 He sits unclinch'd, and the weapon falls.

A charm the takes from each vexation

And borrows Quill's shape, and Quill's

But eyes like Quill's, a clear beam

With Chrysolite's bloom, and Quill's

On his face the shining beams

The dye, that paints the

From the fair eyes a vocal

As to Quill's shape the Quill's

Enough the resemblance of your

You look a triumph you

Make to the Quill's shape, that

Where there is among the

Quill's that look like

The Quill's that look like

Let Quill's shape the Quill's

His Quill's the Quill's

Applaud the Quill's

A Quill's that look like

Quill's that look like

The Quill's that look like

The Quill's that look like

The Quill's that look like

The Quill's that look like

The Quill's that look like

The Quill's that look like

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The Quill's that look like

CANTO VI.

WHILE the shrill clangor of the battle rings,
 Auspicious Health appear'd on Zephyr's wing
 She seem'd a cherub most divinely bright,
 More soft than air, more gay than morning light.
 A charm she takes from each excelling fair,
 And borrows Carlisle's shape, and Grafton's air.
 Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams dispense,
 With Churchill's bloom, and Berkley's innocence;
 On Iris thus the differing * beams bestow
 The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow;
 From the fair nymph a vocal music falls,
 As to Machaon thus the goddess calls.

Enough th' achievement of your arms you've shown
 You seek a triumph you shou'd blush to own.

Haste to th' Elysian-fields, those bless'd abodes,
 Where Harvey sits among the demi-gods.
 Consult that sacred sage, he'll soon disclose
 The method that must mollify these woes.
 Let † Celsus for that enterprise prepare,
 His conduct to the shades shall be my care.

Aghast the heroes stood dissolv'd in fear.
 A form so heav'nly bright they cou'd not bear;
 Celsus alone unmov'd, the sight beheld,
 The rest in pale confusion left the field.

* See Newt. of Col,

† Dr. Bateman,

So when the Pygmies, marshall'd on the plains,
 age puny war against th' invading cranes;
 the poppets to their bodkin spears repair,
 and scatter'd feathers flutter in the air;
 when the bold imperial bird of Jove
 pops on his sounding pinions from above,
 among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
 and the Strimonian Squadron seeks the clouds.

And now the delegate prepares to go
 and view the wonders of the realms below;
 then takes Amomum for the golden bough,
 thrice did the goddess with her sacred wand
 the pavement strike; and straight at her command
 the willing surface opens, and descends
 a deep descent that leads to nether skies.
 Hygeia to the silent region tends;
 and with his heav'nly guide the charge descends:
 thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
 was by † Aegeria guarded and inspir'd.
 Within the chambers of the globe they spy
 the beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
 till the glad summons of a genial ray
 awakes the glebe, and calls them out to day.
 hence pancies trick themselves in various hew,
 and hence jonquills derive their fragrant dew;
 hence the carnation and the bashful rose
 their virgin blushes to the morn disclose;

* Health, celebrated by the ancients as a goddess.

† See Ov. Met.

Hence the chaste lilly rises to the light,
Unveils her snowy breasts, and charms the sight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining lovers with their shade;
And hence on Daphne's laurell'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phoebus and Nassau.

The insects here their lingring trance survive:
Benumb'd they seem, and doubtful if alive.
From winter's fury hither they repair,
And stay for milder skies and softer air.
Down to these cells obscener reptiles creep,
Where hateful newts and painted lizards sleep.
Where shiv'ring snakes the summer solstice wait;
Unfurl their painted folds, and slide in state.
Here their new form the numb'd † *crucae* hide,
Their num'rous feet in slender bandage ty'd:
Soon as the kindling year begins to rise,
This upstart race their native clod despise,
And proud of painted wings attempt the skies.

Now those profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore.
Here, sullen to the sight, at large is spread
The dull unwieldy mass of lumpish lead,
There, glimm'ring in their dawning beds, are seen
The light aspiring seeds of sprightly tin.
The ‡ copper sparkles next in ruddy streaks;
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.

† See Godort of caterpillars and butterflies,

‡ See Yald. on mines,

the silver then with bright and burnish'd grace,
with and a blooming lustre in its face,
to th' arms of those more yielding metals flies,
and in the folds of their embraces lies.
close they cling, so stubbornly retire;
their love's more violent than the chymist's fire.
Near these the delegate with wonder spies
where floods of living silver serpentine:
where richest metals their bright looks put on,
and golden streams through amber channels run,
where light's gay god descends to ripen gems,
and lend a lustre brighter than his beams.
Here he observes the subterranean cells,
where wanton nature sports in idle shells.
Some helicoids, some conical appear:
these miters emulate, those turbans are.
where marcasites in various figure wait,
to ripen to a true metallic state:
all drops that from impending rocks descend
their substance petrify, and progress end.
High, livid seas of kindled sulphur flow,
and, whilst enrag'd, their fiery surges glow,
convulsions in the lab'ring mountains rise,
and hurl their melted vitals to the skies.
He views with horror next the noisy cave,
where with hoarse dins imprison'd tempest rave;
where clam'rous hurricanes attempt their flight,
whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.
The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
and w'd their loud jars, but much for Celsus fear'd.

Andromeda, so whilst her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.

And now the goddess with her charge descends,
Where scarce one chearful glimpse their steps befriended
Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps;
And undisturb'd by form, in silence sleeps.
A grisly wight, and hideous to the eye,
An awkward lump of shapeless anarchy.
With sordid age his features are defac'd;
His lands unpeopl'd, and his countries waste.
To these dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
There copious Morton safe in silence sleeps.
Where mushroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, soon as born, like other monsters die.
Upon a couch of jet in these abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy consort, nods.
No ways and means their cabinet employ;
But their dark hours they waste in barren joy.

Nigh this recess, with terror they survey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic sway;
In the close covert of a cypress grove,
Where goblins frisk, and airy spectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the monarch's triumphs are descry'd.
(Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch, and prince's purple lie.
Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow.
Restless Anxiety, forlorn Despair,
And all the faded family of Care.

Old mouldring urns, racks, daggers and distress
Make up the frightful horror of the place.

Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait,
Which execute the harsh decrees of fate.

Febris is first: the hag relentless hears
The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears.
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
And restless ferments revel in each vein.

Then † Hydrops next appears amongst the throng;
Swolled, and big, she slowly sails along.
But like a miser, in excess she's poor,
And pines for thirst amidst her watry store.

Now loathsome ‡ Lepra, that offensive spright,
With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight;
Still deaf to beauty's soft persuading pow'r;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.

Whilst meagre § Phthisis gives a silent blow,
Her strokes are sure, but her advances slow.
No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults are shown:
She starves the fortress first, then takes the town.
Behind stood crowds of much inferior name,
Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name,
The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.

Now Celsus, with his glorious guide, invades
The silent region of the fleeting shades;

* Fever. † Dropsy. ‡ Leprosy.
§ Consumption.

Where rocks and rueful desarts are desery'd,
 And sullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;
 Then shews the ferry-man the plant he bore,
 And claims his passage to the further shore.
 To whom the Stygian pilot smiling, said,
 You need no passport to demand our aid,
 Physicians never linger on this strand:
 Old Charon's present still at their command.
 Our awful monarch and his consort owe
 To them the peopling of their realms below.
 Then in his swarthy hand he grasp'd the oar,
 Receiv'd his guests aboard, and shov'd from shore.

Now, as the goddess and her charge prepare
 To breathe the sweets of soft Elysian air,
 Upon the left they spy a pensive * shade,
 Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head:
 Pale grief sat heavy on his mournful look;
 To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celsus spoke:

Tell me, thou much afflicted shade, why sighs
 Burst from your breast, and torrents from your eyes
 And who those mangled Manes are, which show
 A sullen satisfaction at your woe?

Since, said the ghost, with pity you'll attend,
 Know, I'm † Gvaicum, once your firmest friend,
 And on this barren beach in discontent
 Am doom'd to stay, 'till th' angry pow'rs relent.

* See the allusion, Virg. Aen. 6.

† Dr. Morton.

ose spectres, foam'd with scars that threaten there,
 e victims of my late ill conduct are,
 ey vex with endless clamours my repose?
 is wants his palate; that demands his nose:
 d here they execute stern Pluto's will,
 d ply me every moment with a pill.
 Then Celsus thus; O much-lamented state!
 w rigid is the sentence you relate!
 thinks I recollect your former air,
 t ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!
 ipid as your late pitfalls you lie;
 at once were sprightlier far than mercury.
 the sad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
 d mourn their vegetable souls asleep;
 he unctuous larix, and the healing pine
 ment your fate in tears of turpentine;
 e still the offspring of your brain shall prove
 he grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove.
 hen bonfires blaze, your vagrant works shall rise
 rockets, 'till they reach the wond'ring skies.
 If mortals e'er the Stygian pow'rs could bend,
 reaties to their awful seats I'd send.
 t since no human arts the fates dissuade;
 rect me how to find bless'd Harvey's shade.
 vain th' unhappy ghost still urg'd his stay;
 hen rising from the ground, he shew'd the way.
 gh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,
 at with a dreadful frown survey'd the flood.
 fearful brow no lively greens put on,
 frisking goats bound o'er the ridgy stone.

To gain the summit the bright goddess try'd,
And Celsus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.

Th' ascent thus conquer'd, now they tow'r on high
And taste th' indulgence of a milder sky.

Loose breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant blossoms their chaste odours pay,
And roses blush their fragrant lives away.

Cool streams thro' flow'ry meadows gently glide;
And as they pass, their painted banks they chide.

These blissful plains no blights, nor mildews fear,

The flow'rs ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles here.

The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;

Ere noon in painted pride she decks her head:

Rob'd in rich dye she triumphs on the green,

And ev'ry flow'r does homage to their queen.

So when bright Venus rises from the flood,

Around in throngs the wond'ring Nereids crowd;

The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal shell,

And ev'ry grace unsung, the waves conceal.

The Delegate observes, with wond'ring eyes,

Ambrosial dews descend, and incense rise:

Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,

The silent † mansion of disastrous love.

Here Jealousy with jaundice looks appears,

And broken slumbers, and fantastic fears.

The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,

And to the woods in mournful murmurs sings.

† See Virg. Aen. 6.

no winds but sighs there are, no floods but tears;
each conscious tree a tragic signal bears.
their wounded bark records some broken vow,
and willow garlands hang on ev'ry bough.

Olivia here in solitude he found,
her down-cast eyes fix'd on the silent ground;
her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
she seem'd the dying image of despair.

How lately did this celebrated thing
gaze in the box, and sparkle in the ring!
Till the green-sickness and love's force betray'd
to death's remorseless arms th' unhappy maid.

All o'er confus'd the guilty lover stood,
the light forsook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
an icy horror shiver'd in his look,
to the cold-complexion'd nymph he spoke:

Tell me, dear shade, from whence such anxious care,
your looks disorder'd, and your bosom bare?
Why thus you languish like a drooping flow'r,
crush'd by the weight of some relentless show'r?
Your languid looks, your late ill conduct tell;
that instead of trash you'd taken steel!

Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conscious maid
thus to her late insulting lover said;
When ladies listen not to loose desire,
you stile our modesty, our want of fire:
To smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
you still find reasons to believe we love:
Singly you think a liking we betray,
and never mean the peevish things we say.

Few are the fair ones of Rutilia's make,
 Unask'd she grants; uninjur'd she'll forsake;
 But sev'ral Gaclix's, sev'ral ages boast,
 That like, where season recommends the most.
 Where heav'nly truth and tenderness conspire,
 Chaste passion may persuade us to desire.

Your sex; he cry'd, as custom bidd, behaves;
 In forms the tyrant tides such haughty slaves.
 To do nice conduct right; your nature wrong;
 Impulses are but weak, where reason's strong.
 Some want the courage, but how few the flame;
 They like the thing, that startle at the name.
 The lonely Phoenix, tho' profess'd a nun,
 Warms into love, and kindles at the sun.
 Those tales of spicy urns and fragrant fires,
 Are but the emblems of her scorch'd desires.

Then as he strove to grasp the fleeting fair,
 His empty arms confess'd th' impassive air.
 From his embrace th' unbod'y'd spectre flies,
 And as she mov'd, she chid him with her eyes.

They hasten now to that delightful plain,
 Where the glad manes of the blest'd remain:
 Where Harvey gathers simples, to bestow
 Immortal youth on heroes shades below.
 Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
 The venerable sage her presence knew;
 Thus he——

Hail, blooming goddess! thou propitious pow'r,
 Whose blessing mortals more than life implore!

With so much lustre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where those appear:
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown.
With just resentments and contempt you see
The foul dissensions of the faculty;
How your sad sick'ning art now hangs her head,
And once a science, is become a trade.
Her sons ne'er rifle her mysterious store,
But study nature less, and lucre more.
Not so when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple, where devoted incense blaz'd.
Her father Tiber views the lofty fire,
The learn'd son is worship'd like the fire;
The sage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the same.
I shew'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of their resfluent tide.
Then, Willis, why spontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the spirits by mechanic laws,
Wild careers tumultuous riots cause.
Or wou'd our Warton, Bates, and Glisson lie
In the abyss of blind obscurity.
Not now such wond'rous searches are foreborn,
And Pacan's art is by divisions torn.

A temple built at Rome, in the island of Tiber, to
Esculapius, son of Apollo.

Then let your Charge attend, and I'll explain
How her lost health your science may regain.

Haste, and the matchless * Atticus address,
From heav'n and great Nassau he has the mace.
Th' oppress'd to his asylum still repair;
Arts he supports, and learning is his care.
He softens the harsh rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws
And graciously he casts a pitying eye
On the sad state of virtuous poverty.
Whene'er he speaks, heaven! how the list'ning throng
Dwells on the melting music of his tongue.

His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, tho' serene;
And when the pow'r of eloquence he'd try,
Here, light'ning strikes you; there, soft breezes fly.

To him you must your sickly state refer,
Your charter claims him as your visiter.
Your wounds he'll close, and sov'reignly restore,
Your science to the height it had before.

Then Nassau's health shall be your glorious aim,
His life should be as lasting as his fame.
Some princes claims from devastations spring;
He condescends in pity to be king:
And when, amidst his olives plac'd, he stands,
And governs more by candor than commands:
Ev'n then not less a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel diadem he wears.

* Lord Somers.

Wou'd Phoebus, or his Granville, but inspire
 their sacred veh'mence of poetic fire;
 to celebrate in song that god-like pow'r,
 which did the lab'ring universe restore:
 their Albion's cliffs wou'd echo to the strain,
 and praise the arm that conquer'd, to regain
 the earth's repose, and empire o'er the main. }
 Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
 to make his blessings endless as they're great:
 whilst malice and ingratitude confess
 they've strove for ruin long without success.
 When late, Jove's † eagle from the pile shall rise
 to bear the victor to the boundless skies,
 while the god puts off paternal care,
 neglects the earth, to give the heav'ns a star,
 near thee, † Alcides, shall the hero shine;
 his rays resembling, as his labours, thine.
 Had some fam'd patriot, of the Latin blood,
 like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
 thus preserv'd the Latin liberties,
 inspiring columns soon had reach'd the skies:
 and Io's the proud Capitol had shook,
 and all the statues of the gods had spoke.
 No more the sage his raptures cou'd pursue:
 he pangs'd; and Celsus with his guide withdrew.

† Read the ceremony of the Apotheosis.

† Hercules, a constellation near Ariadne's crown.

P R E F A C E

CLAREMONT.

ADDRESSED TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

EARL OF CLARE,

N O W

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

—Dryadum silvas, saltusque sequamur
tactos, tua, Maecenas, haud mollia iussa. VIRE.

P R E F A C E.

THEY that have seen those two excellent poems Cooper's Hill and Windsor-Forest; the one by Sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope; will show great deal of candor if they approve of this. It was writ upon giving the name of Claremont to a villa, now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The situation is agreeable and surprizing, that it inclines one to think some place of this nature put Ovid at first upon the story of Narcissus and Echo. It is probable he had observed some spring arising amongst woods and rocks where echos were heard; and some flower bending over the stream, and by consequence reflected from it. After reading the story in the third book of the Metamorphosis, it is obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the character of a nymph, of which Ovid had dispossessed her,

“ — vox tantum atque ossa supersunt,”

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare say the gentleman who is meant, would have been well pleased to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can say the same of: experience shows every day that there are writers who cannot bear a reflection, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconsiderable; upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to the favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their principles may be directed by the quotations to the authors who have mentioned them.

CLAREMONT.

WHAT frenzy has of late possess'd the brain?
Tho' few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
Rank our soil, our bards rise in such store,
Their rich retaining patrons scarce are more.
The last indulge the fault, the first commit;
And take off still the offal of their wit.
Shameless, so abandon'd are their ways;
They pothe Parnassus, and lay snares for praise.
None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a pension or a place to give.
Great ministers ne'er fail of great deserts;
The herald gives them blood; the poet, parts.
The muse is of course annex'd to wealth and pow'r;
The muse is proof against a golden show'r.
Yet but his lordship write some poor lampoon,
His Horac'd up in doggrel like his own.
If to rant in tragic rage he yields,
He same cries—Athens; honest truth—Moorfields.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on thro' floods of ink;
Runs with full sail; and rises but to sink.
Some venal pens so prostitute the days,
Their panegyrics lash; their satires praise.
Nauseously, and so unlike they paint,
—'s an Adonis; M——r a saint.

Metius with those fam'd heroes is compar'd,
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But such a shameless muse must laughter move,
That aims to make Salmoncus vye with Jove.

To form great works puts Fate itself to pain,
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty man.
And to perpetuate her hero's fame,
She strains no less a poet next to frame.
Rare as the hero's, is the poet's rage;
Churchills and Drydens rise but once an age.
With earthquakes tow'ring Pindar's birth begun:
And an eclipse produc'd * Alomena's son:
The fire of gods o'er Phoebus cast a shade;
But, with a hero, well the world repaid.

No bard for bribes shou'd prostitute his vein;
Nor dare to flatter where he should arraign.
To grant big Thraso valour, Phormio, sense,
Shou'd indignation give, at least offence.

I hate such mercenaries, and wou'd try
From this reproach to rescue poetry.
Apollo's sons shou'd scorn the servile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulsome part.

What then—you'll say, Must no true sterling
Because impure allays some coin debase?

Yes, praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with merit, scribble too.

The man who's honest, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend:

* Hercules.

giving others, to himself severe;
so earnest, easy; civil, yet sincere;
who seldom but thro' great good-nature errs;
testing fraud as much as flatterers;
is he my muse's homage shon'd receive;
I cou'd write, or Holles cou'd forgive.
But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
a name so lov'd by me, so lately thine.
When Pelham you resign'd, what cou'd repair
loss so great, unless Newcastle's heir?
Asdapes that the Asian plains divides,
from his bright urn in porrest chrystal glides.
When new-gath'ring streams enlarge his course;
his Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force.
Fabled floods of gold his current flows,
and wealth on nations as he runs, bestows.
Direct me, Clare, to name some nobler muse,
that for her theme thy late recess may chuse,
whom bright descriptions shall the subject dress;
whom vary'd scenes, such pleasing images;
that swains shall leave their lawns, and nymphs their
bow'rs,
and quit Arcadia for a seat like yours.
But say, who shall attempt th' advent'rous part,
where nature borrows dress from Vanbrook's art.
By Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
his stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
his rocks are animated with his fire.
As he can paint in verse those rising hills,
their gentle vallies, and their silver rills:

Close groves, and op'ning glades with verdure spread
 Flow'rs sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsam bleed
 With gay variety the prospect crown'd,
 And all the bright horizon smiling round.

Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient fame
 Records from whence the villa took its name.

In times of old, when British nymphs were known
 To love no foreign fashions like their own;
 When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the mode
 And quality put on no paint but * woode.
 Of Spanish red unheard was then the name;
 For cheeks were only taught to blush by shame.
 No beauty to increase her crowd of slaves,
 Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves.
 Not yet lead-comb was on the toilet plac'd;
 Not yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paste:
 No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade
 To mend the work wise providence had made.
 Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
 And thrifty silkworms spun for times to come.
 Bare limbs were then the marks of modesty;
 All like Diana were below the knee.

The men appear'd a rough undaunted race,
 Surly in show, unfashion'd in address.

† Upright in actions, and in thought sincere;
 And strictly were the same they would appear.

* *Glastum*. See Pliny. *† Idem*. See Dioscorides.

† *Mores eis simplices, à versutiâ et improbitatē*

honour was plac'd in probity alone;
 or villains had no titles but their own.
 none travell'd to return politely mad;
 but still what fancy wanted, reason had.
 Whatever nature ask'd, their hands cou'd give;
 nor learn'd in feasts, they only eat to live.
 To cook with art increas'd physicians fees;
 or serv'd up death in soups and fricaseys.
 Their taste was, like their temper, unrefin'd;
 or looks were then the language of the mind.

Ere right and wrong, by turns, set prices bore;
 and conscience had its rate like common whore:
 or tools to great employments had pretence;
 or merit was made out by impudence;
 or coxcombs look'd assuming in affairs;
 and humble friends grew haughty ministers.

In those good days of innocence, here stood
 of oaks, with heads unthorn, a solemn wood,
 frequented by the * Druids, to bestow
 religious honours on the † misselto.

The naturalists are puzzled to explain
 how trees did first this stranger entertain;

rae tempestatis hominum longe remoti.— See Diod.

c. Bib. Hist. lib. 4. vers. Lat.

* *Jam per se roborum eligunt lucos.* Plin. lib. 16.

† *Et nihil habent Druidae visco, et arbore in qua
 ignatur, si modò sit robur, sacratius.* Plin. *ibid;*

Et viscum Druida. Ovid.

Whether the busy birds ingraft it there:
 Or else some deity's mysterious care,
 As Druids thought; for when the blasted oak
 By lightning falls, this plant escapes the stroke.
 So when the Gauls the tow'rs of Rome defac'd,
 And flames drove forward with outrageous waste;
 Jove's favour'd Capitol uninjur'd stood:
 So sacred was the mansion of a god.

Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids chose,
 Here, for the bleeding victims, altars rose.

To * Hermes oft they paid their sacrifice;
 Parent of arts, and patron of the wise.
 Good rules in mild persuasions they convey'd;
 Their lives confirming what their lectures said.
 None violated truth, invaded right;
 Yet had few laws, but will and appetite.
 The people's peace they study'd, and profess'd
 No † politics but public interest.
 Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
 For all their luxury was doing good.

No miter'd priest did then with princes vie,
 Nor, o'er his master, claim supremacy;
 Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
 For being several centuries obscure.

* Deum maximè Mercurium colunt: hunc om-
 um inventorem artium ferunt: post hunc, Jovem,
 pollinem, &c. Caes.

† De republicâ, nisi per consilium, loqui non co-
 ditur. Caes. lib. 6.

None lost their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
 Nor not believing what none understood.
 Nor simony, nor sine-cure were known;
 Nor wou'd the bee work honey for the drone.
 Nor was the way invented, to dismiss
 Abigail with fat pluralities.

But then in fillets bound, a hallow'd band
 Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land;
 You'd tell what murrains in what months begun,
 And how the † seasons travel'd with the sun:
 When his dim orb seem'd wading thro' the air:
 They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
 And that the winds their bellowing throats wou'd try,
 When redd'ning clouds reflect his blood-shot eye.

All their remarks on nature's laws, require
 More lines than wou'd ev'n Alpin's readers tire.

This sect in sacred veneration held
 Opinions, by the Samian sage reveal'd;
 That matter no annihilation knows,
 That wanders from these tenements to those.
 Or when the plastic particles are gone,
 They rally in some species like their own.

The self-same atoms, if new jumbled, will
 Seas be restless, and in earth be still;
 In the truffle, furnish out a feast;
 And nauseate, in the scaly squill, the taste.

† Multa practerea de sideribus, et eorum motu, de
 rum natura, &c. Caes.

Those falling leaves that wither with the year,
Will, in the next, on other stems appear.
The sap that now forsakes the bursting bud,
In some new shoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day that from the jasmine blows,
Will, when the season offers, scent the rose;
And those bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a snow.

They hold that matter must be still the same;
And varies but in figure and in name.
And that the * soul not dies, but shifts her seat;
New rounds of life to run; or past, repeat.
Thus when the brave and virtuous cease to live;
In beings brave and virtuous they † revive.
Again shall Romulus in Nassau reign;
Great Numa, in a Brunswick prince, ordain {gain.
Good laws; and halcyon years shall hush the world.
The truths of old traditions were their theme;
Or gods descending in a morning dream.
Pass'd acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And cou'd events not ripe for fate, unfold.
Beneath the shady covert of an oak,
In ‡ rhymes uncount, prophetic they spoke.

* Imprimis hoc volunt persuadere, non interire
mas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios. Ca

† Et vos barbaricos ritus — sacrorum Druidae-
rediturae parcere vitae. — regit idem spiritus an
Lucan. lib. 1.

‡ Et magnum numerum versuum ediscere dicunt
Caes.

Attend then, Clare; nor is the legend long;
The story of thy villa is their * song.

The fair Montano, of the sylvan race,
Was with each beauty blest'd, and ev'ry grace.
His sire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a swift Naiad of the flood.
Her silver urn supply'd the neighb'ring streams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.

Not lovelier seem'd Narcissus to the eye;
Nor, when a flower, cou'd boast more fragranc'y.
His skin might with the down of swans compare,
More smooth than pearl; than mountain snow more fair.
In shape so poplars or the cedars please:
But those are not so straight; nor graceful these.
His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung;
Tuneful his voice, persuasive was his tongue.
The haughtiest fair scarce heard without a wound,
But sunk to softness at the melting sound.

The fourth bright lustre had but just begun
To shade his blushing cheeks with doubtful down.
All day he rang'd the woods, and spread the toils,
And knew no pleasures but in sylvan spoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleasing grace;
Too cheap the quarry seem'd, too short the chase.
Tho' possession be th' undoubted view;
To seize, is far less pleasure than pursue.

* Superstitione vanâ Druidae canebant, &c. Tacit.

Those nymphs that yield too soon, their charms impair
And prove at last but despicably fair.
His own undoing glutton Love decrees ;
And palls the appetite, he meant to please.
His slender wants too largely he supplies ;
Thrives on short meals, but by indulgence dies.

A grot there was with hoary moss o'ergrown,
Rough with rude shells, and arch'd with mould'ring stone
Sad silence reigns within the lonesome wall ;
And weeping rills but whisper as they fall.
The clasping ivys up the ruin creep ;
And there the bat and drowsy beetle sleep.

This cell sad Echo chose, by Love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither fatigu'd with toil, the Sylvan flies,
To shun the calenture of sultry skies :
But feels a fiercer flame, love's keenest dart
Finds thro' his eyes a passage to his heart.
Pensive the virgin sat with folded arms,
Her tears but lending lustre to her charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes ;
But wants himself the pity he bestows.

Oh whether of a mortal born ! he cries ;
Or some fair daughter of the distant skies ;
That, in compassion leave your crystal sphere,
To guard some favour'd charge, and wander here.
Slight not my suit, nor too ungentle prove ;
But pity one, a novice yet in love
If words avail not ; see my suppliant tears ;
Nor disregard those dumb petitioners.

From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Asserting all the empire of her eyes.

Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor seeks from sleep, or sustenance, relief.

The lamp of life now casts a glimm'ring light;
The meeting lids his setting eyes benight.

What force remains, the hapless lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred deities.

Haste, parents of the flood, your race to mourn;
With tears replenish each exhausted urn.

Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
Be a just victim to an injur'd shade.

More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and stopp'd unfinish'd on his tongue.

For him the Graces their sad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and with'd for eyes to weep.

What gods can do, the mournful Faunus tries;
Mount erecting where the sylvan lies.

The rural pow'rs, the wond'rous pile survey,
And piously their diff'rent honours pay.

Th' ascent, with verdant herbage Pales spread;
And nymphs transform'd to laurels, lent their shade.

Her stream a naiad from the basis pours;

And Flora strows the summit with her flowers.

One mount Latmos claims preeminence,

When silver Cynthia lights the world from thence.

Sad Echo now laments her rigor, more

Than for Narcissus her loose flame before.

Her flesh to sinew shrinks, her charms are fled;

Each day in rifted rocks she hides her head.

Soon as the ev'ning shows a sky serene,
 Abroad she strays, but never to be seen.
 And ever as the weeping naiads name
 Her cruelty, the nymph repeats the same.
 With them she joins, her lover to deplore,
 And haunts the lonely dales, he rang'd before.
 Her sex's privilege she yet retains;
 And tho' to nothing wasted, voice remains.

So sung the Druids—then with rapture fir'd,
 Thus utter what the ‡ Delphick god inspir'd.

Ere twice ten centuries shall fleet away,
 A Brunswick prince shall Britain's scepter sway.
 No more fair liberty shall mourn her chains;
 The maid is rescu'd, her lov'd Perseus reigns.
 From * Jove he comes, the captive to restore;
 Nor can the thunder of his fire do more.
 Religion shall dread nothing but disguise;
 And Justice needs no bandage for her eyes.
 Britannia smiles, nor fears a foreign lord;
 Her safety to secure, two powers accord,
 Her Neptune's trident, and her monarch's sword.
 Like him, shall his Augustus shine in arms,
 Tho' captive to his Carolina's charms.
 Ages with future heroes she shall bless;
 And Venus once more found an Alban race.

‡ Et partim auguriis, partim conjecturâ, quæ
 futura, &c. Cic. de Divinatione.

Son of Jupiter and Danae.

Then shall a Clare in honour's cause engage :
 Example must reclaim a graceless age.
 There guides themselves for guilty views mis-lead ;
 And laws ev'n by the legislators bleed,
 As brave contempt of state shall teach the proud,
 None but the virtuous are of noble blood.
 For tyrants are but princes in disguise,
 Who' sprung by long descent from Ptolemies.
 Might he shall vindicate, good laws defend ;
 The firmest patriot, and the warmest friend.
 Great Edward's ‡ order early he shall wear ;
 New light restoring to the fully'd star.
 He will his leisure this retirement chuse,
 All finding future subjects for the muse,
 And to record the sylvan's fatal flame,
 The place shall live in song, and Claremont be the name.

‡ Theologi et Vates erant apud eos, Druidas ipsi vo-
 cant, qui à victimarum extis de futuris divinant. Diod.
 Sic. Lat. Ver.

To the Lady LOUISA LENOX: with OVID'S
Epistles.

IN moving lines these few epistles tell
What fate attends the nymph that likes too well
How faintly the successful lovers burn;
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The fair you'll find, when soft intreaties fail,
Assert their uncontested right, and rail.
Too soon they listen, and resent too late;
'Tis sure they love, whene'er they strive to hate,
Their sex or proudly shuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding slaves.

In diff'ring breasts what diff'ring passions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.
The fire we boast, with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as appetite returns:
But yours, like incense, mounts by soft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame consumes to please.

Your sex, in all that can engage, excel;
And ours in patience, and persuading well.
Impartial nature equally decrees:
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.
Tho' form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.

But, madam, long will your unpractis'd years
Smile at the tale of lover's hopes and fears.
Tho' infant graces sooth your gentle hours,
More soft than sighs, more sweet than breathing bow

Let rash admirers your keen light'ning fear;

'Tis bright at distance, but destroys if near.

The time e'er long, if verse presage, will come,
Your charms shall open in full Brudenal bloom.

All eyes shall gaze, all hearts shall homage vow,

And not a lover languish but for you.

The muse shall string her lyre, with garlands crown'd,

And each bright nymph shall sicken at the sound.

So when Aurora first salutes the light,

As'd we behold the tender dawn of light;

But when with riper red she warms the skies,

Circling throngs the wing'd musicians rise:

And the gay groves rejoice in symphonies.

Each pearly flow'r with painted beauty shines;

And ev'ry star its fading fire resigns.

TO RICHARD Earl of BURLINGTON, with

OVID's Art of LOVE.

MY LORD,

YOUR poet's rules, in easy numbers tell,

He felt the passion he describes so well.

That soft art successfully refin'd,

No angry Caesar frown'd, the fair were kind.

More ills from love, than tyrants malice flow;

His thunder strikes less sure than Cupid's bow.

Ovid both felt the pain, and found the ease:

Musicians study most their own disease.

The practice of that age in this we try.

And sly wou'd listen then, and lovers lye.

Who flatter'd most the fair were most polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly so, aton'd for all.
Breeding was banish'd for the fair-one's sake,
The sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours shou'd take.

Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring,
The flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming spring.
Tho' you possess all nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her snare.
On all that goddess her false smiles bestows,
As on the seas she reigns, from whence she rose.
Young Zephyrs sigh with fragrant breath, soft gales
Guide her gay barge, and swell the silken sails:
Each silver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her bosom, gentle as her doves;
But he that once embarks, too surely finds
A sullen sky, black storms, and angry winds;
Cares, fears, and anguish, hov'ring on the coast,
And wrecks of wretches by their folly lost.

When coming time shall bless you with a bride,
Let passion not persuade, but reason guide;
Instead of gold, let gentle truth endear;
She has most charms who is the most sincere.
Shun vain variety, 'tis but disease;
Weak appetites are ever hard to please.
The nymph must fear to be inquisitive;
'Tis for the sex's quiet to believe.
Her air an easy confidence must show,
And shun to find what she wou'd dread to know;

Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

To the Dutcheſs of BOLTON on her ſtaying all the
Winter in the Country.

CEASE rural conqueſts, and ſet free your ſwains,
To dryads leave the groves, to nymphs the plains.
In penſive dales alone let echo dwell,
And each ſad ſigh ſhe hears with ſorrow tell.
Haſte, let your eyes at † Kent's pavilion ſhine,
It wants but ſtars, and then the work's divine.
Of late, fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive generals, and protected crowns:
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, ſtates vanquiſh'd, provinces o'er-run,
And all Alcides' labour ſumm'd in one.

The brave muſt to the fair now yield the prize,
And Engliſh arms ſubmit to Engliſh eyes:
In which bright liſt among the firſt you ſtand;
Tho' each a goddeſs, or a Sunderland.

A gallery the earl of Kent has built at St. James's.

To the Duke of MARLBOROUGH on his voluntary
Banishment.

GO, mighty prince, and those great nations see,
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name engrav'd,
Shall tell their children who their empire sav'd,
Point out that marble where thy worth is shown,
To every grateful country but thy own:
O censure undeserv'd! unequal fate!
Which strove to lessen him who made her great:
Which pamper'd with success and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conquests, but condemn'd his name.
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Tho' all the fault's in the beholder's eye:
Yet he untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no danger but domestic jars,
Smiles at the dart which angry envy shakes,
And only fears for her whom he forsakes:
He grieves to find the course of virtue cross'd,
Blushing to see our blood no better lost;
Disdains in factious parties to contend,
And proves in absence most Britannia's friend.
So the great Scipio of old, to shun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, when e'er his country's cause requir'd,
To shine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

To the Earl of GODOLPHIN.

WHilst weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
 And where the sword destroys not, famine kills;
 Our isle enjoys, by your successful care,
 The pomp of peace, amidst the woes of war.
 So much the public to your prudence owes,
 You think no labour's long for our repose:
 Such conduct, such integrity are shown,
 There are no coffers empty but your own.

From mean dependence, merit you retrieve,
 Mask'd you offer, and unseen you give:
 Your favour, like the Nile, increase bestows,
 And yet conceals the source from whence it flows.
 No pomp, or grand appearance you approve:
 The people at their ease is what you love:
 To lessen taxes, and a nation save,
 Are all the grants your services would have.
 Thus far the state-machine wants no repair,
 It moves in matchless order by your care;
 Free from confusion, settled and serene;
 And like the universe, by Springs unseen.
 But now some star sinister to our pray'rs,
 Intrigues new schemes, and calls you from affairs:
 Anguish in your looks, or cares appear,
 How to teach th' impractic'd crew to steer.
 As like a victim, no constraint you need,
 Expiate their offence by whom you bleed.

Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
 It thrives too fast at first, but fades in time.
 The god of day, and your own lot's the same;
 The vapours you have rais'd, obscure your flame:
 But tho' you suffer, and awhile retreat,
 Your globe of light looks larger as you set.

On her MAJESTY'S Statue in St. Paul's Churchyard

NEAR the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
 Known by the Gentiles great apostle's name;
 With grace divine, great Anna's seen to rise,
 An awful form that glads a nation's eyes:
 Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
 And with due reverence pay their homage there.
 Britain and Ireland, seem to own her grace,
 And ev'n wild India wears a smiling face.

But France alone with downcast eyes is seen
 The sad attendant of so good a queen:
 Ungrateful country! to forget so soon,
 All that great Anna for thy sake has done:
 When sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
 Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws;
 For thee she sheath'd the terrors of her sword,
 For thee she broke her gen'ral — and her word:
 For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
 And learn'd to speak like oracles of old.
 For thee, for thee alone, what cou'd she more?
 She lost the honour she had gain'd before;

Loſt all the trophies, which her arms had won,
(Such Caefar never knew, nor Philip's fon)
Reſign'd the glories of a ten years reign,
And ſuch as none but Marlborough's arm cou'd gain.
For thee in annals ſhe's content to ſhine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

On the New Conſpiracy, 1716.

W Here, where, degen'rate countrymen—how high
Will your fond folly and your madneſs fly?
Are ſcenes of death, and ſervile chains ſo dear,
To ſue for blood and bondage every year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curſt,
To court a change—tho' certain of the worſt?

There is no climate which you have not ſought,
Where tools of war, and vagrant kings are bought:
O! noble paſſion, to your country kind,
To crown her with—the reſuſe of mankind.
As if the new Rome, which your ſchemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
While her aſylum openly provides
For ev'ry ruſſian ev'ry nation hides.

Will you ſtill tempt the great avenger's blow,
And force the bolt—which he is loath to throw?
Have there too few already bit the plains,
To make you ſeek new Preſtons and Dumblains?
If vengeance loſes its effects ſo faſt,
Let thoſe of mercy ſure—ſhould longer laſt,

Say, is it rashness or despair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to these repeated strokes?
Reply:—Behold, their looks, their souls declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep despair.

Hear then, you sons of blood, your destin'd fate,
Hear, e'er you sin too soon—repent too late.
Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
And stem the stream of providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders made our own,
The hand that gave it, shall preserve his throne.
As vain your hopes to distant times remove,
To try the second, or the third from Jove,
For 'tis the nature of that sacred line,
To conquer monsters, and to grow divine.

On the KING of SPAIN.

PALLAS, destructive to the Trojan line,
Raz'd their proud walls, tho' built by hands divine
But Jove's bright goddess, with propitious grace,
Preserv'd a hero, and restor'd the race.
Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna rose.

VERSES written for the TOASTING-GLASSES of
the KIT-CAT-CLUB. 1703.

Lady CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can ev'ry muse inspire,
To Carlisle fill the glass, and tune the lyre,
With his lov'd bays the god of day shall crown
A wit and lustre equal to his own.

The SAME.

At once the sun and Carlisle took their way,
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flow'rs to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues he, their beauties she bestow'd.

Lady ESSEX.

The bravest hero, and the brightest dame
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
The pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder, and the gentle dew.

The SAME.

To Essex fill the sprightly wine,
The health's engaging and divine:
The purest odours scent the air,
And wreaths of roses bind our hair.
Her chaste lips these blushing lie,
And those her gentle sighs supply.

Lady HYDE.

The god of wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.

The queen of love looks on, and smiles to see
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

On Lady Hyde in Child-bed.

Hyde, tho' in agonies her graces keeps,

A thousand charms the nymph's complaints adorn
In tears of dew so mild Aurora weeps,

But her bright offspring is the chearful morn,

Lady WHARTON.

When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toasting pass'd the night,
With more than nectar be the banquet blest'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feast.

PROLOGUE design'd for TAMERLANE.

TO-day a mighty hero comes to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm
To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
He fights to save, and conquers to restore.
He strains no texts, nor makes dragoons persuade;
He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
Born for mankind, they by his labour live;
Their property is his prerogative.
His sword destroys less than his mercy saves,
And none, except his passions, are his slaves.
Such, Britons, is the prince that you possess,
In council greatest, and in camps no less:
Brave, but not cruel; wise without deceit;
Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.

at you, disdaining to be too secure,
his protection, and yet grudge his pow'r.
With you a monarch's right is in dispute;
who give supplies, are only absolute.
Stations, for shame your factious fends decline,
so long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line;
lost rights, an Austrian prince alone
born to nod upon a Spanish throne.
Cause no less cou'd on great Eugene call;
Alpine rocks require an Hannibal:
shows you your lost honour to retrieve;
troops will fight, when once the senate give.
Your cabals and factions, and in spite
Whig and Tory in this cause unite.
The vote will then send Anjou back to France;
ere let the meteor end his airy dance:
to the Mantuan soil he may repair,
abdicated gods were Latium's care,
worst, he'll find some Cornish borough here.

PROLOGUE to the Music-meeting in York-Build-
ings.

HERE, music and more pow'rful beauties reign,
Who can support the pleasure, and the pain?
their soft magic those two sirens try,
if we listen, or but look, we die.
Should we then the wond'rous tales admire,
Orpheus' numbers, or Amphion's lyre?

Behold this scene of beauty, and confess
 The wonder greater, and the fiction less.
 Like human victims here we are decreed
 To worship those bright altars where we bleed,
 Who braves his fate in fields, must tremble here;
 Triumphant love more vassals makes than fear.
 No faction, homage to the fair denies;
 The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
 That empire's fix'd, that's founded in desire;
 Those fires the vestals guard, can ne'er expire.

PROLOGUE to the Cornish Squire, a COMEDY.

WHO dares not plot in this good-natur'd age,
 Each place is privileg'd except the stage;
 There the dread Phalanx of reformers come,
 Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome;
 Their ears so sanctify'd no scenes please,
 But heavy hymns, or penfive homilies:
 Truths, plainly told, their tender nature wound,
 Young rakes must, like old patriarchs, expound;
 The painted punk, the proselyte must play,
 And bawds, like fille-devotes, procure and pray.
 How nature is inverted! soon you'll see
 Senates unanimous, and sects agree,
 Jews at extortion rail, and monks at mystery.
 Let characters be represented true,
 An airy sinner makes an awkward prue.

With force and fitting freedom vice arraigns;
 Tho' pulpits flatter, let the stage speak plain;
 If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius writes,
 Call that the robber, this the parasite:
 Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl,
 Cinna's a statesman, Sydrophil a tobb;
 Our censurers with want of thought dispense,
 But tremble at the hideous sin of sense.
 Who wou'd not such hard fate as ours bemoan?
 Indicted for some wit, and damn'd for none;
 But if, to day, some scandal shou'd appear,
 Let those precise Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere,
 Poet, and Papist too, they'll surely maul,
 There's no indulgences at Hick's-hall,
 Gold only can their pious spite allay,
 They call none criminals that can but pay;
 The heedless shrines, with victims they invoke;
 They take the fat, and give the gods the smoke.

PROLOGUE spoken at the opening of the QUEEN'S
 THEATRE in the Haymarket.

SUCH was our builder's art, that soon as nam'd,
 This fabric, like the infant world, was fram'd;
 The architect must on dull order wait,
 But 'tis the poet only can create.
 None else, at pleasure, can duration give,
 When marble fails, the muse's structures live.

The Cyprian fane is now no longer seen,
Tho' sacred to the name of love's fair queen.
Ev'n Athens scarce in pompous ruin stands,
Tho' finish'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.
More sure presages from these walls we find,
By * beauty founded, and by wit design'd.

In the good age of ghostly ignorance,
How did cathedrals rise, and zeal advance?
The merry monks said orisons at ease,
Large were their meals, and light their penances;
Pardon for sins was purchas'd with estates,
And none but rogues in rags dy'd reprobates.
But now that pious pageantry's no more,
And stages thrive, as churches did before.
Your own magnificence you here survey,
Majestic columns stand where dunghills lay,
And carrs triumphal rise from carts of hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
And big Almanzor's fight mock Blenheim's here.
Descending goddesses adorn our scenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
Shou'd Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
Tho' to the sun, his tow'ring eagles rise,
They scarce cou'd bear the lustre of these eyes.

* My Lady Sunderland was pleased to lay the
stone.

EPILOGUE to the tragedy of CATO.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do !
Who wou'd not listen when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their cost:
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity shou'd well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Wou'd you revenge such rash resolves—you may
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
We hate you, when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears,
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourselves would chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no-more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the pow'r of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now;

There golden idols all your vows receive ;
 She is no goddess who has nought to give.
 Oh may once more the happy age appear,
 When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere ;
 When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
 And courts less coveted than groves and springs,
 Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
 And constancy feel transport in its chains ;
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal :
 Virtue again to its bright station climb,
 And beauty fear no enemy but time :
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

To Mr. GAY on his poems.

WHEN Fame did o'er the spacious plain
 The lays she once had learn'd repeat ;
 All listen'd to the tuneful strains,
 And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.
 'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
 Th'harmonious frame the Muses strung,
 The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
 And Gay transcrib'd what Phoebus sung.

To the merry **PORTASTER** at Sadlers-hall in
Cheapside.

UNwieldy pedant, let thy awkward muse
With censures praise, with flatteries abuse.
To lash, and not be felt, in thee's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'st any, but thy school-boys, smart.
Then be advis'd and scribble not again;
Thou'rt fashion'd for a flail, and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou would'st descry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble satire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

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OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

BOOK XIV.

The Transformation of SCYLLA,

NOW Glaucus, with a lover's haste, bounds o'er
The swelling waves, and seeks the Latian shore
Messena, Rhegium, and the barren coast
Of flaming Aetna, to his sight are lost:
At length he gains the Tyrrhene seas, and views
The hills, where baleful philters Circe brews;
Monsters, in various forms around her press;
As thus the god salutes the forceress.

O Circe, be indulgent to my grief,
And give a love-sick deity relief.
Too well the mighty pow'r of plants I know,
To those my figure, and new fate I owe.
Against Messena, on th' Ausonian coast,
I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was lost.
In tend'rest sounds I su'd; but still the fair
Was deaf to vows, and pitiless to pray'r.
If numbers can avail, exert their pow'r;
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.
I ask no cure, let but the virgin pine
With dying pangs, or agonies, like mine.

No longer Circe could her flame disguise,
But to the suppliant god marine, replies:

When maids are coy, have manlier aims in view ;
 Leave those that fly, but those that like, pursue.
 If love can be by kind compliance won ;
 See, at your feet, the daughter of the Sun.

Sooner, said Glaucus, shall the ash remove
 From mountains, and the swelling surges love ;
 Or humble sea-weed to the hills repair ;
 Ere I think any but my Scylla fair.

Straight Circe reddens with a guilty shame,
 And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
 Fierce liking oft a spite as fierce creates ;
 For love refus'd, without aversion, hates.
 To hurt her hapless rival she proceeds ;
 And, by the fall of Scylla, Glaucus bleeds.

Some fascinating bev'rage now she brews ;
 Compos'd of deadly drugs, and baneful juice.
 At Rhegium she arrives ; the ocean braves,
 And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves.
 Upon the beech a winding bay there lies,
 Shelter'd from seas, and shaded from the skies :
 This station Scylla chose ; a soft retreat
 From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat.
 The vengeful sorceress visits this recess ;
 Her charm infuses, and infects the place.
 Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
 Turn into dogs ; then at herself she starts.
 A ghastly horror in her eyes appears ;
 But yet she knows not, who it is she fears ;
 In vain she offers from herself to run,
 And drags about her what she strives to shun.

Oppress'd with grief the pitying god appears,
 And swells the rising surges with his tears;
 From the distressed forcerefs he flies;
 Her art reviles, and her address denies:
 Whilst hapless Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees
 Destruction to those barks, that beat the seas.

The Voyage of AENEAS continued.

Here bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulysses' fleet,
 But good Aeneas 'scap'd the fate he met.
 As to the Latian shore the Trojan stood,
 And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood:
 He weather'd fell Charybdis: but ere-long
 The skies were darken'd, and the tempest strong.
 Then to the Libyan coast he stretches o'er;
 And makes at length the Carthaginian shore.
 Here Dido, with an hospitable care,
 Into her heart receives the wanderer.
 From her kind arms th' ungrateful hero flies;
 The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,
 Then to her folly falls a sacrifice.

Aeneas now sets sail, and plying gains
 Fair Eryx, where his friend Acestes reigns:
 First to his sire does fun'ral rites decree,
 Then gives the signal next, and stands to sea;
 Out-runs the islands where volcano's roar;
 Gets clear of Sirens, and their faithless shore:
 But loses Palinurus in the way;
 Then makes Inarime, and Prochyta,

The Transformation of CERCOPIANS into Apes.

The gallies now by Pythecusa pass ;
The name is from the natives of the place.
The father of the gods detesting lies ;
Oft, with abhorrence, heard their perjuries.
Th' abandon'd race, transform'd to beasts, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd ; with grimace they grin :
And look, to what they were, too near akin :
Merry in make, and busy to no end ;
This moment they divert, the next offend :
So much this species of their past retains ;
Tho' lost the language, yet the noise remains.

ÆNEAS descends to Hell.

Now, on his right, he leaves Parthenope :
His left, Misenus jutting in the sea :
Arrives at Cuma, and with awe survey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid :
Begs leave thro' black Avernus to retire ;
And view the much-lov'd manes of his sire.
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes :
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies :
O thou, whose worth thy wond'rous works proclaim ;
The flames, thy piety ; the world, thy fame ;
Tho' great be thy request, yet shalt thou see
Th' Elysian fields, th' infernal monarchy ;

Thy parent's shade : this arm thy steps shall guide :
To suppliant virtue nothing is deny'd.

She spoke, and pointing to the golden bough,
Which in th' Avernian grove refulgent grew,
Seize that, she bids ; he listens to the maid ;
Then views the mournful mansions of the dead :
The shade of great Anchises, and the place
By Fates determin'd to the Trojan race.

As back to upper light the hero came,
He thus salutes the visionary dame.——

O, whether some propitious deity,
Or lov'd by those bright rulers of the sky !
With grateful incense I shall stile you one,
And deem no godhead greater, than your own.
'Twas you restor'd me from the realms of night,
And gave me to behold the fields of light :
To feel the breezes of congenial air ;
And nature's blest benevolence to share.

The story of the SIBYL.

I am no deity, reply'd the dame,
But mortal, and religious rites disclaim.
Yet had avoided Death's tyrannic sway,
Had I consented to the god of day.
With promises he sought my love, and said,
Have all you wish, my fair Cumæan maid.
I paus'd ; then pointing to a heap of sand,
For ev'ry grain, to live a year, demand.
But ah ! unmindful of th' effect of time,
Forgot to covenant for youth, and prime.

The smiling bloom, I boasted once, is gone,
 And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
 Ev'n cent'ries have I liv'd; three more fulfil
 The period of the years to finish still.
 Who'll think, that Phoebus, drest in youth divine,
 Had once believ'd his lustre less than mine?
 This wither'd frame (so fates have will'd) shall waste
 To nothing, but prophetic words, at last.

The Sibyl mounting now from nether skies,
 And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cuma rise.
 He sail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
 Since call'd Cajeta from his nurse's name.
 Here did the hucklefs Macareus, a friend
 To wise Ulysses, his long labours end.
 Here, wandering, Achæmenides he meets,
 And sudden, thus his late associate, greets.

Whence came you here, O friend, and whither
 All gave you lost on far Cyclopean ground; [bound?
 Greek's at last aboard a Trojan found.

The Adventures of ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides—— With thanks I name
 Meas, and his piety proclaim.

Scap'd the Cyclops thro' the hero's aid,
 He in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.

Then first your navy under sail he found,
 He rav'd, till Aetna labour'd with the sound.
 Seeing he stalk'd along the mountain's side,
 He vented clouds of breath at ev'ry stride.

His staff a mountain ash; and in the clouds
 Oft, as he walks, his grisly front he throwds,
 Eyeless he grop'd about with vengeful haste,
 And jostled promontories, as he pass'd.
 Then heav'd a rock's high summit to the main,
 And bellow'd, like some bursting hurricane.

Oh! cou'd I seize Ulysses in his flight,
 How unlamented were my loss of fight!
 These jaws should piece-meal tear each panting vein,
 Grind ev'ry crackling bone, and pound his brain,
 As thus he rav'd, my joints with horror shook;
 The tide of blood my chilling heart forsook;
 I saw him once disgorge huge morsels raw,
 Of wretches undigested in his maw.
 From the pale breathless trunks whole limbs he tore,
 His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
 My anxious hours I pass'd in caves; my food
 Was forest-fruits, and wildings of the wood.
 At length a sail I watted, and aboard
 My fortune found an hospitable lord.

Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
 And what, since first you put to sea, befel.

The Adventures of MACAREUS.

Then Macareus—There reign'd a prince of fame
 O'er Tuscan seas, and Aeolus his name.
 A largess to Ulysses he consign'd,
 And in a steer's tough hide inclos'd a wind;
 Nine days before the swelling gale we ran;
 The tenth, to make the meeting land began:

When now the merry mariners, to find
 Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unblind.
 Forthwith out-rush'd a gulf, which backwards bore }
 Our gallies to the Laestrigonian shore, }
 Whose crown, Antiphates the tyrant wore.
 Some few commission'd were with speed to treat;
 We to his court repair, his guards we meet.
 Two, friendly flight preserv'd; the third was doom'd,
 To be by those curs'd canibals consum'd.
 Inhumanly our hapless friends they treat;
 Our men they murder, and destroy our fleet.
 In time the wise Ulysses bore away,
 And drop'd his anchor in yon faithless bay.
 The thoughts of perils past we still retain,
 And fear to land, till lots appoint the men.
 Polites true, Elpenor giv'n to wine,
 Eurylochus, myself, the lots assign.
 Design'd for dangers, and resolv'd to dare,
 To Circe's fatal palace we repair.

The Enchantments of CIRCE.

Before the spacious front, a herd we find
 Of beasts, the fiercest of the savage kind.
 Our trembling steps with blandishments they meet,
 And fawn, unlike their species, at our feet.
 Within upon a sumptuous throne of state,
 On golden columns rais'd, th' enchantress sate,
 Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
 Her aspect awful, and she look'd a queen.

Her maids nor mind the loom, nor household care,
 Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war.
 But cull in canisters disastrous flow'rs,
 And plants from haunted heaths, and fairy bow'rs,
 With brazen sickles reap'd at planetary hours.
 Each dose the goddess weighs with watchful eye;
 So nice her art in impious pharmacy!
 Entering she greets us with a gracious look,
 And airs, that future amity bespoke.
 Her ready nymphs serve up a rich repast;
 The bowl she dashes first, then gives to taste.
 Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
 Her pow'r we prove, and shew the sorcery.

Soon, in a length of face our head extends;
 Our chin stiff bristles bears, and forward bends.
 A breadth of brawn new burnishes our neck;
 Anon we grunt, as we begin to speak.
 Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taste,
 Nor to a beast obscene the man debas'd.
 Hither Ulysses hastes (so fates command)
 And bears the pow'rful moly in his hand;
 Unsheaths his scimeter, assaults the dame,
 Preserves his species, and remains the same.
 The nuptial right this outrage straight attends;
 The dow'r desir'd is his transfigur'd friends.
 The incantation backward she repeats,
 Inverts her rod, and what she did defeats.

And now our skin grows smooth, our shape upright
 Our arms stretch up, our cloven feet unite.

With tears our weeping gen'ral we embrace;
 Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face,
 Twelve silver moons in Circe's court we stay,
 Whilst there they waste th' unwilling hours away.
 'Twas here I spy'd a youth in Parian stone;
 His head a pecker bore; the cause unknown
 To passengers. A nymph of Circe's train
 The myst'ry thus attempted to explain.

The Story of P I C U S and C A N E N S .

Picus, who once th' Ausonian sceptre held,
 Could rein the steed, and fit him for the field.
 So like he was to what you see, that still
 We doubt if real, or the sculptor's skill.
 The graces in the finish'd piece, you find,
 Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
 Four lustres scarce the royal youth could name,
 'Till ev'ry love-sick nymph confess'd a flame.
 Oft for his love the mountain dryads su'd,
 And ev'ry silver sister of the flood:
 Those of Numicus, Albulæ, and those
 Where Almo creeps, and hasty Nar o'erflows:
 Where sedgy Anio glides thro' smiling meads,
 Where shady Farfar rustles in the reeds:
 And those that love the lakes, and homage owe
 To the chaste goddesses of the silver bow.

In vain each nymph her brightest charms put on,
 His heart no sov'reign would obey but one.
 She whom Venilia, on mount Palatine,
 To Janus bore, the fairest of her line.

Nor did her face alone her charms confess,
Her voice was ravishing, and pleas'd no less.
When e'er she sung, so melting were her strains,
The flocks unfed seem'd list'ning on the plains;
The rivers would stand still, the cedars bend;
And birds neglect their pinions to attend;
The savage kind in forest-wilds grow tame;
And Canens, from her heav'nly voice, her name.
Hymen had now in some ill-fated hour
Their hands united, as their hearts before.
Whilst their soft moments in delights they waste,
And each new day was dearer than the past;
Picus would sometimes o'er the forests rove,
And mingle sports with intervals of love.
It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chac'd,
His jewels sparkling on his Tyrian vest,
Lascivious Circe well the youth survey'd,
As simpling on the flow'ry hills she Gray'd.
Her wishing eyes their silent message tell,
And from her lap the verdant mischief fell.
As she attempts at words, his courser springs
O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a with outwings.

Thou shalt not 'scape me so, pronounc'd the dame,
If plants have pow'r, and spells be not a name.
She said——and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
That sought the covert with dissembled fear.
Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
On foot, to chase the visionary prey.

Now she invokes the daughters of the night,
Does noxious juices smear, and charms recite;

Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
Or shade the golden lustre of her fire.
In filthy fogs she hides the chearful noon;
The guard at distance, and the youth alone,
By those fair eyes, she cries, and ev'ry grace
That finish all the wonders of your face,
Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain;
Nor let the sun's soft lineage sue in vain.

Whoe'er thou art, reply'd the king, forbear,
None can my passion with my Canens share,
She first my ev'ry tender wish possess,
And found the soft approaches to my breast.
In nuptials blest, each loose desire we shun,
Nor time can end, what innocence begun.

Think not, she cry'd, to santer out a life
Of form, with that domestic drudge a wife;
My just revenge, dull foot, ere-long shall show
What ills we women, if refus'd, can do: }
Think me a woman, and a lover too. }
From dear successful spite we hope for ease,
Nor fail to punish, where we fail to please.

Now twice to east she turns, as oft to west;
Thrice waves her wand, as oft a charm-express.
On the lost youth her magic pow'r she tries;
Aloft he springs, and wonders how he flies.
On painted plumes the woods he seeks and still
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns;
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.

The winds from drizzling damps now purge the air,
 The mists subside, the settling skies are fair;
 The court their sovereign seek with arms in hand,
 They threaten Circe, and their lord demand.
 Quick she invokes the spirits of the air,
 And twilight elves, that on dun wings repair
 To charnels, and th' unhallow'd sepulcher.
 Now, strange to tell, the plants sweat drops of blood,
 The trees are toss'd from forests where they stood;
 Blue serpents o'er the tainted herbage slide,
 Pale glaring spectres on the aether side;
 Dogs howl, earth yawns, rent rocks forsake their beds,
 And from their quarries heave their stubborn heads.
 The sad spectators, stiffen'd with their fears
 She sees, and sudden ev'ry limb she smears;
 Then each of savage beasts the figure bears.
 The sun did now to western waves retire,
 In tides to temper his bright world of fire.
 Canens laments her royal husband's stay;
 Ill suits fond love with absence, or delay.
 Where she commands, her ready people run;
 She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
 Restless in mind, and dying with despair,
 Her breasts she beats, and tears her flowing hair.
 Six days and nights she wanders on, as chance
 Directs, without of sleep, or sustenance.
 Tiber at last beholds the weeping fair;
 Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear;
 Stretch'd on his banks, she to the flood complains,
 And faintly tunes her voice to dying strains.

The sick'ning swan thus hangs her silver wings,
And, as she droops, her elegy she sings,
Ere-long sad Canens wastes to air; whilst same
The place still honours with her hapless name.

Here did the tender tale of Picus cease,
Above belief the wonder I confess.
Again we sail, but more disasters meet,
Foretold by Circe, to our suff'ring fleet.
Myself unable further woes to bear,
Declin'd the voyage, and am refug'd here.

ÆNEAS arrives in ITALY.

Thus Macareus——New with a pious aim
Had good Æneas rais'd a fun'ral flame,
In honour of his hoary nurse's name.
Her epitaph he fix'd; and setting sail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at ev'ry gale.

He steer'd at distance from the faithless shore
Where the false goddess reigns with fatal pow'r;
And sought those grateful groves, that shade the plain
Where Tiber rolls majestic to the main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fair champain.

His kindred gods the hero's wishes crown
With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne;
But not without a war the prize he won.
Drawn up in bright array the battle stands:
Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands,
Etrurians, Latians equal fortune share;
And doubtful long appears the face of war.

Both pow'rs from neighb'ring princes seek supplies,
And embassies appoint for new allies.

Æneas, for relief, Evander moves;
His quarrel he asserts, his cause approves.

The bold Rutilians with an equal speed,
Sage Venelus dispatch to Diomede.

The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
These reasons for neutrality assign'd. —

Shall I, of one poor dotal town possess,
My people thin, my wretched country waste;
An exil'd prince, and on a shaking throne;
Or risk my patron's subjects, or my own?
You'll grieve the harshness of our hap to hear;
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

The Adventures of DIOMEDES.

After fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finish'd, what the sword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, pursu'd us to the main,
In vengeance of her violated fane.
Alone Oilcus forc'd the Trojan maid,
Yet all were punish'd for the brutal deed.
A storm begins, the raging waves run high,
The clouds look heavy, and benight the sky;
Red sheets of light'ning o'er the seas are spread,
Our tackling yields, and wrecks at last succeed.
'Tis tedious our disastrous state to tell;
Ev'n Priam wou'd have pity'd, what befel.
Yet Pallas sav'd me from the swallowing main;
At home new wrongs to meet, as fates ordain,

Chac'd from my country. I once more repeat
 All suff'rings seas could give, or war compleat.
 For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
 Still new calamities should past succeed.
 Agmon impatient thro' successive ills,
 With fury, love's bright goddess thus reviles:—
 These plagues in spite to Diomede are sent;
 The crime is his, but ours the punishment.
 Let each, my friends, her puny spleen despise,
 And dare that haughty harlot of the skies.
 The rest of Agmon's insolence complain,
 And of irreverence the wretch arraign.
 About to answer, his blaspheming throat
 Contracts, and shrieks in some disdainful note.
 To his new skin a fleece of feather clings,
 Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.
 The lower features of his face extend,
 Warp into horn, and in a beak descend.
 Some more experience Agmon's destiny.
 And wheeling in the air, like swans they fly.
 These thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring,
 And here I reign, a poor precarious king.

The Transformation of APPULUS,

Thus Diomedes. Venulus withdraws;
 Unsped the service of the common cause,
 Putcoli he passes, and survey'd
 A cave long honour'd for its awful shade.
 Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,
 Here streams in gentle falls thro' windings stray,
 And with a passing breath cool zephyrs play.

The goat-herd god frequents the silent place,
 As once the wood-nymphs of the sylvan race.
 'Till Appulus with a dishonest air,
 And gross behaviour banish'd thence the fair.
 The bold buffoon, when-e'er they tread the green,
 Their motion mimics, but with jest obscene.
 Loose language oft he utters; but ere-long
 A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.
 Thus chang'd, a base wild olive he remains;
 The shrub the coarseness of the clown retains.

The TROJAN Ships transformed to Sea-Nymphs.

Mean while the Latians all their pow'r prepare,
 'Gainst fortune, and the foe to push the war.
 With Phrygian blood the floating fields they stain;
 But, short of succours, still contend in vain,
 Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill-mann'd,
 Unguarded, and at anchor near the strand;
 He thought; and straight a lighted brand he bore,
 And fire invades, what 'scap'd the waves before.
 The billows from the kindling prow retire;
 Pitch, rosin, fearwood on red wings aspire,
 And Vulcan on the seas exerts his attribute of fire.

This when the mother of the gods beheld,
 Her tow'ry crown she shook, and stood reveal'd;
 Her brindl'd lions rein'd, unveil'd her head,
 And hov'ring o'er her favour'd fleet, she said;

Cease Turnus, and the heavenly pow'rs respect,
 Nor dare to violate, what I protect.

These gallies, once fair trees on Ida stood,
And gave their shade to each descending god.
Nor shall consume; irrevocable fate
Allots their being no determin'd date.

Strait peals of thunder heav'n's high arches rend,
The hail-stones leap, the show'rs in spouts descend;
The winds with widen'd throats the signal give;
The cables break, the smoking vessels drive.
Now, wond'rous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber softens into flesh and blood;
The yards, and oars new arms, and legs design;
A trunk the hull; the slender keel, a spine;
The prow a female face; and by degrees
The gallies rise green daughters of the seas.
Sometimes on coral beds they sit in state,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.
The barks, that beat the seas, are still their care,
Themselves remembering what of late they were;
To save a Trojan sail in throngs they press,
But smile to see Alcinous in distress.

Unable were those wonders to deter
The Latians from their unsuccessful war,
Both sides for doubtful victory contend;
And on their courage, and their gods depend.
Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown,
Warm their great soul to war, like fair renown.
Venus at last beholds her godlike son
Triumphant, and the field of battle won;
Brave Turnus slain, strong Ardea but a name,
And bury'd in fierce deluges of flame.

Her tow'rs, that boasted once a sov'raign sway,
 The fate of fancy'd grandeur now betray.
 A famish'd heron from the ashes springs,
 And beats the ruin with disast'rous wings.
 Calamities of towns distress the feigns,
 And oft, with woeful shrieks, of war complains.

The Deification of ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by fate,
 Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate:
 And by a sure irrevocable doom,
 Fix'd the immortal majesty of Rome.
 Fit for the station of his kindred stars,
 His mother goddess thus her suit prefers.

Almighty arbiter, whose pow'rful nod
 Shakes distant earth, and bows our own abode;
 To thy great progeny indulgent be,
 And rank the goddess-born a deity.
 Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,
 Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether skies.

Forthwith a conclave of the godhead meets,
 Where Juno in the shining senate sits.
 Remorse for past revenge the goddess feels;
 Then thund'ring Jove th' almighty mandate seals,
 Allots the prince of his celestial line
 An apotheosis, and rights divine.

The crystal mansions echo with applause,
 And, with her graces, love's bright queen withdraws
 Shoots in a blaze of light along the skies,
 And, borne by turtle, to Laurentum flies.

Alights, where thro' the reeds Numicius strays,
 And to the seas his watry tribute pays.
 The god she supplicates to wash away
 The parts more gross, and subject to decay,
 And cleanse the goddess-born from seminal allay.
 The horned flood with glad attention stands,
 Then bids his streams obey their sire's commands.

His better parts by lustral waves refin'd,
 More pure, and nearer to aethereal mind;
 With gums of fragrant scent the goddess strews,
 And on his features breathes ambrosial dews,
 Thus deify'd, new honours Rome decrees,
 Shrines, festivals; and stiles him Indiges.

The Line of the LATIAN Kings.

Ascanius now the Latian sceptre sways!
 The Alban nation, Sylvius, next obeys.
 Then young Latinus: next an Alba came,
 The grace, and guardian of the Alban name.
 Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;
 Then Capetis the regal pow'r sustain'd.
 Next he who perish'd in the Tuscan flood,
 And honour'd with his name the river god.
 Now haughty Romulus began his reign,
 Who fell by thunder he aspir'd to feign.
 Meek Acrota succeeded to the crown;
 From peace endeavouring, more than arms, renown,
 To Aventinus well resign'd his throne.
 The mount on which he rul'd preserves his name,
 And Procas wore the regal diadem.

The Story of VERTUMNUS and POMONA.

A Hama-Dryad flourish'd in these days,
Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
In garden culture none could so excel,
Or form the pliant souls of plants so well;
Or to the fruit more gen'rous flavours lend,
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.

The nymph frequented not the flatt'ring stream,
Nor meads, the subject of a virgin's dream;
But to such joys her nurs'ry did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable care.

A pruning-hook she carry'd in her hand,
And taught the straglers to obey command;
Lest the licentious and unthrifty bough,
The too-indulgent parent should undo.
She shows, how stocks invite to their embrace
A graft, and naturalize a foreign race
To mend the savage teint; and in its stead
Adopt new nature, and a nobler breed.

Now hourly she observes her growing care,
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air:
Then opes her streaming sluices to supply
With flowing draughts her thirsty family.

Long had she labour'd to continue free
From chains of love and nuptial tyranny;
And in her orchard's small extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity she still secur'd.
Oft would loose Pan, and all the lustful train
Of Satyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.

Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame;
And he, that frights the thieves with stratagem
Of sword, and something else too gross to name.
Vertumnus too pursu'd the maid no less;
But, with his rivals, shar'd a like success.
To gain access a thousand ways he tries;
Oft, in the hind, the lover would disguise.
The heedless lout comes shambling on, and seems
Just sweating from the labour of his teams.
Then, from the harvest, oft the mimic swain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dresser of the vine he feigns,
And lawless tendrils to their bounds restrains.
Sometimes his sword a soldier shews, his rod,
An angler; still so various is the god.
Now, in a forehead cloth, some crone he seems,
A staff supplying the defect of limbs;
Admittance thus he gains; admires the store
Of fairest fruit; the fair possessor more;
Then greets her with a kiss: th' unpractis'd dame,
Admir'd a grandame kiss'd with such a flame.
Now, seated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in am'rous foldings twine.
If that fair elm, he cry'd, alone should stand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the
hand;
Or if that vine without her elm, should grow,
I would creep a poor neglected shrub below.
Be then, fair nymph, by these examples led;
Nor shun, for fancy'd fears, the nuptial bed.

Not she for whom the Lapithites took arms,
Nor Sparta's queen, could boast such heavenly charms.
And if you would on woman's faith rely,
None can your choice direct so well, as I.
Tho' old, so much Pomona I adore,
Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
'Tis your fair self alone his breast inspires
With softest wishes and unfoil'd desires.
Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
The god of seasons only worth your love:
On my assurance well you may repose;
Vertumnus scarce Vertumnus better knows.
True to his choice, all looser flames he flies;
Nor for new faces fashionably dies.
The charms of youth, and ev'ry smiling grace
Bloom in his features, and the god confess.
Besides, he puts on ev'ry shape at ease;
But those the most, that best Pomona please.
Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;
Their likings and aversions are the same.
Nor the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear;
Nor all the youthful product of the year,
Could bribe his choice; yourself alone can prove
A fit reward for so refin'd a love.
Relent, fair nymph, and with a kind regret,
Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at your feet.
A tale attend, thro' Cyprus known, to prove
How Venus once reveng'd neglected love.

The Story of Iphis and ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
Fair Anaxaretè of Teucer's blood.
Not long had he beheld the royal dame,
Ere the bright sparkle kindled into flame.
Oft did he struggle with a just despair,
Unfix'd to ask, unable to forbear.
But Love, who flatters still his own disease,
Hopes all things will succeed, he knows will please.
Where'er the fair one haunts, he hovers there;
And seeks her confident with sighs, and pray'r,
Or letters he conveys, that seldom prove
Successful messengers in suits of love.

Now shiv'ring at her gates the wretch appears,
And myrtle garlands on the columns rears,
Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.
The nymph more hard than rocks, more deaf than seas,
Derides his pray'r: insults his agonies;
Arraigns of insolence th' aspiring swain;
And takes a cruel pleasure in his pain.
Resolv'd at last to finish his despair,
He thus upbraids th' inexorable fair. —

O Anaxaretè, at last forget
The licence of a passion indiscreet.
Now triumph, since a welcome sacrifice
Your slave prepares, to offer to your eyes.
My life, without reluctance, I resign;
That present best can please a pride, like thine.

But, O! forbear to blast a flame so bright,
Doom'd never to expire, but with the light.
And you, great pow'rs, do justice to my name;
The hours, you take from life, restore to fame.

Then o'er the posts, once hung with wreaths he throws
The ready cord, and sits the fatal noose;
For death prepares; and bounding from above,
At once the wretch concludes his life, and love.

Ere long the people gather, and the dead
Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
First, like some ghastly statue, she appears;
Then bathes the breathless corse in seas of tears,
And gives it to the pile; now as the throng
Proceed in sad solemnity along,
To view the passing pomp, the cruel fair
Hastes, and beholds her breathless lover there.
Struck with the sight, inanimate she seems;
Set are her eyes, and motionless her limbs:
Her features without fire, her colour gone,
And, like her heart, she hardens into stone.
In Salamis the statue still is seen
In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.
Warn'd by this tale, no longer then disdain,
O nymph belov'd, to ease a lover's pain,
So may the frosts in spring your blossoms spare,
And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear.

The story oft Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
But then assum'd his heav'nly form again.
Such looks, and lustre the bright youth adorn,
As when with rays glad Phoebus paints the morn.

The sight so warms the fair admiring maid,
 Like snow she melts: so soon can youth persuade.
 Consent, on eager winds, succeeds desire;
 And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

The LATIAN Line continued.

Now Procas yielding to the fates, his son
 Mild Numitor succeeded to the crown.
 But false Amulius, with a lawless pow'r,
 At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
 Then Ilia's valiant issue, with the sword,
 Her parent reinthron'd, the rightful lord.
 Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;
 The joyous time of Pales' feast arrives;
 He gives the word to seize the Sabine wives.
 The fires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
 Bold to revenge their violated bed.
 A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
 Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name.
 This by the false Tarpeia was betray'd,
 But death well recompens'd the treach'rous maid.
 The foe on this new-bought success relies,
 And silent march, the city to surprize.
 Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine;
 But Venus countermines the vain design;
 Intreats the nymphs that o'er the springs preside,
 Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
 To send their succours; ev'ry urn they drain,
 To stop the Sabines progress, but in vain.

The Naiads now more stratagems essay;
 And kindling sulphur to each source convey.
 The floods ferment, hot exhalations rise,
 Till from the scalding ford the army flies.
 Soon Romulus appears in shining arms,
 And to the war the Roman legions warms:
 The battle rages, and the field is spread
 With nothing but the dying and the dead:
 Both sides consent to treat without delay,
 And their two chiefs at once the sceptre sway.
 But Tatius by Lavinian fury slain;
 Great Romulus continu'd long to reign.

The Assumption of ROMULUS.

Now warrior Mars his burnish'd helm puts on,
 And thus addresses heav'n's imperial throne.

Since the inferior world is now become
 One vassal globe, and colony to Rome,
 This grace, O Jove, for Romulus I claim,
 Admit him to the skies, from whence he came.
 Long hast thou promis'd an æthereal state
 To Mars's lineage; and thy word is fate.

The fire that rules the thunder, with a nod,
 Declar'd the fiat, and dismiss'd the god.

Soon as the pow'r armipotent survey'd
 The flashing skies, the signal he obey'd;
 And leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
 His fiery coursers lashing thro' the air.
 Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his son
 Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne;

The scales of heav'nly justice holding high,
 With steady hand, and a discerning eye.
 Then vaults upon his car, and to the spheres,
 Swift, as a flying shaft, Rome's founder bears,
 The parts more pure, in rising are refin'd,
 The gross and perishable lag behind.
 His shrine in purple vestments stands in view;
 He looks a god, and is Quirinus now.

The Assumption of HERCILIA.

Ere-long the goddess of the nuptial bed,
 With pity mov'd, sends Iris in her stead
 To sad Hercilia—thus the meteor maid:—

Chaste relict! in bright truth to heav'n ally'd,
 The Sabines glory, and the sex's pride;
 Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
 Of such a spouse, as now resides above.
 Some respite to thy killing griefs afford;
 And if thou would'st once more behold thy lord,
 Retire to yon steep mount, with groves o'er spread,
 Which with an awful gloom his temple shade.

With fear the modest matron lifts her eyes,
 And to the bright ambassadress replies:—

O goddess, yet to mortal eyes unknown,
 But sure thy various charms confess thee one:
 O quick to Romulus thy votress bear,
 With looks of love he'll smile away my care:
 In whate'er orb he shines, my heav'n is there.

Then hastes with Iris to the holy grove,
 And up the mount Quirinal as they move,

A lambent flame glides downward thro' the air,
 And brightens with a blaze Herfilia's hair.
 Together on the bounding ray they rise,
 And shoot a gleam of light along the skies.
 With op'ning arms Quirinus met his bride,
 Now Ora nam'd, and press'd her to his side.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

BOOK XV.

The Story of CIPPUS.

OR as when Cippus in the current view'd
 The shooting horns that on his forehead stood,
 His temples first he feels, and with surprise
 His touch confirms th' assurance of his eyes.
 Straight to the skies his horned front he rears,
 And to the gods directs these pious pray'rs.

If this portent be prosp'rous, O decree
 To Rome th' event; if otherwise, to me.
 An altar then of turf he hastes to raise,
 Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;
 The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
 And boding fumes pronounce a mystery.
 Soon as the augur saw the holy fire,
 And victims with presaging signs expire,

To Cippus then he turns his eyes with speed,
And views the horny honours of his head:
Then cry'd, Hail ! conqueror ! thy call obey,
Those omens I behold presage thy sway.
Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
And owns thy sov'reign pow'r as fate's decree.

He said—and Cippus, starting at th' event,
Spoke in these words his pious discontent.

Far hence, ye gods, this execration send,
And the great race of Romulus defend.
Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,
Than e'er the Capitol should stile me lord.

This spoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head,
Then prays, the senate next convenes, and said,
If augurs can foresee, a wretch is come,
Design'd by destiny the bane of Rome.

Two horns (most strange to tell) his temples crown ;
If e'er he pass the walls and gain the town,
Your laws are forfeit that ill-fated hour ;
And liberty must yield to lawless pow'r.
Four gates he might have enter'd ; but this arm
Seiz'd the usurper, and withheld the harm.
Haste, find the monster out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the senate can decree ;
Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown ;
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.

The crowd such murmurs utter as they stand,
As swelling surges breaking on the strand :
Or as when gath'ring gales sweep o'er the grove,
And their tall heads the bending cedars move.

Each with confusion gaz'd, and then began
 To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.
 Cippus then shakes his garland off, and cries;
 The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.

The anxious throng look'd down, and sad in thought,
 All wish'd they had not found the sign they sought;
 In haste with laurel wreaths his head they bind;
 Such honour to such virtue was assign'd.
 Then thus the senate — Hear, O Cippus, hear;
 So god-like is thy tutelary care,
 That since in Rome thyself forbids thy stay,
 For thy abode those acres we convey
 The plough-share can surround, the labour of a day.
 In deathless records thou shalt stand inroll'd,
 And Rome's rich posts shall shine with horns of gold.

A SOLILOQUY out of the Italian.

C On'd he whom my dissembled rigour grieves,
 But know what torment to my soul it gives;
 He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
 And want myself the pity he wou'd claim.
 Immortal gods ! why has your doom decreed
 Two wounded hearts with equal pangs shou'd bleed ?
 Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
 Has join'd in love whom destiny divides ;
 Repent you pow'rs the injuries you cause,
 Or change our natures, or reform your laws.
 Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
 Think what I feel the moment you complain.
 Each sigh you utter wounds my tend'rest part,
 So much my lips misrepresent my heart.
 When from your eyes the falling drops distil,
 My vital blood in every tear you spill :
 And all those mournful agonies I hear,
 Are but the echos of my own despair.

An Imitation of a French Author.

CAN you count the silver lights
 That deck the skies, and cheer the nights :
 Or the leaves that strow the vales,
 When groves are stript by winter gales :
 Or the drops that in the morn
 Hang with transparent pearl the thorn.
 Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
 Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's pray'rs :
 Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
 Or Marlborough's acts, or ——'s charms ?



FINIS

